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HONOLULU HARBOR

Chances for Young Men
1. In the Hawaiian Islands
By Frank G. Carpenter

THE Hawaiian Islands are of their own kind. They are not like the Philippines, Puerto Rico, or any other colonial or territorial part of the United States. Their social, financial and material conditions are peculiar to themselves, and they can be appreciated only by one upon the ground.

They are among the richest islands of the globe and have already more rich men to the number of their Anglo-Saxon population than any part of the United States; but they are not a Klondike where gold can be picked up in the streams and the gullies. They have the most fertile of soils, but the supply of land is limited, and that still belonging to the Government is subject to many restrictions. They have a business which last year showed exports amounting to more than $15,000,000—almost double the value of the imports—but the business is of its own kind, so that the investor should study its character before he attempts to venture to compete with the capitalists who now have it well in hand. With all this, there are opportunities here well worth consideration, opportunities in which a limited number of our young men may realize the El Dorado of their hopes.

A BIRD'S-EYE GLANCE AT THE WHOLE HAWAIIAN GROUP

First, let us take a look at the country. It is not a large one. All told, the islands have not as much land as the State of Massachusetts, although the larger and only inhabited ones are scattered over the ocean for a distance as wide as that between Boston and Washington. The whole group, east and west, is wider than from New York to the Mississippi River, but the most of the western islands are barren rocks, some of which are mere dots on the surface of the Pacific. Some have not been prospected and others are said to contain valuable guano and phosphate deposits. Upon one, for instance, millions of sea birds roost every night, laying so many eggs that the Japanese laborers who are kept there gather them in wheel-barrows and carts, just as our farmers load potatoes and apples.

The Hawaiian Islands that we know, however, consist of the eight larger islands at the eastern end of the group. These are situated just about as far from San Francisco as Chicago is east of that city, and farther away from any Australian or Asiatic port than the distance from New York to London. The inhabited islands are not close to one another, some of them being a hundred miles and more away from Honolulu, with tempestuous seas between and only weekly passenger service of small steamers.

The inhabited islands range in size from Hawaii, which is almost as large as the State of Connecticut, to Kahoolawe, which is only about half as large as the District of Columbia. Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is situated, contains 600 square miles, while Kauai, the Garden Island of the group, has only 500 square miles, being 22 miles wide and 25 miles long.

The general character of all the islands is the same: they are wildly rugged, each being made up of one or more mountains, seamed with valleys and gorges, some of which are more than a thousand feet deep. Between the mountains lie rolling plains, and in many places at their feet there is a narrow plain sloping out to the sea. The plains, valleys and lower parts of the mountain sides contain the only lands suited to cultivation. They are covered with decomposed lava, often to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, furnishing a soil which produces rich crops of sugar, coffee, and all sorts of vegetables and tropical fruits. Some parts of the islands, on the other hand, are rocky and barren; still other portions are extremely ragged, being composed of extinct craters, while some are so high that upon them nothing can grow. In coming from San Francisco to Honolulu you are struck with the barren look of the islands. That part of Oahu which you first see is as bare as the Death Valley of California. It is composed of ragged craters long since burnt out, the sides of which are seamed and gullied by the lava flows of days gone by.

THE METROPOLITAN ADVANTAGES OF HONOLULU

As you go farther on you see other hills covered with a fuzz of emerald green and, rounding Diamond Head, come to low mountains covered with green. Palm trees with quivering branches wave you a welcome, and the houses of Honolulu look out at you through a forest of palms and other tropical trees as you come to anchor. Farther down the coast with your glass you can see the pale green of rich sugar plantations, and as you land and walk through the wide streets you find yourself in a very botanical garden of tropical plants and trees and beautiful flowers.

You may have expected to find a new country and may look for the ragged features of a frontier town in the city of Honolulu. If so, you will be disappointed. Honolulu has only 30,000 people, but in wealth and business it compares favorably with any town of five times the population in the United States. Its residences in many cases have large grounds about them, with lawns as velvety as those of England, beautiful trees and well-cared-for walks and drives. The town, in fact, has many rich men, and it is one of long-established businesses and families. It was in existence before San Francisco had a place upon the map.

The Honolulu of to-day has all the aspects of a modern American city. The signs over the best stores are in English and their proprietors have English names. The stores are of all kinds, with large stocks of goods and fine plate-glass show windows. Telephone wires run through all the streets, and you learn that more than a thousand telephones are in use. The streets and houses are lighted at night by electricity, and there is a system of waterworks and other modern improvements. The city has excellent public schools. Attendance is so vigorously compelled in city limits and throughout the islands that it is said it would almost require a search warrant to find a native Hawaiian or a white who cannot read and write. There are colleges of various kinds, numerous churches, a theatre which will seat more than a thousand people, a Young Men's Christian Association which has a well-equipped gymnasium and school, twenty miles of macadamized streets, an excellent public bicycle track, a half dozen or more large banks, three of which are savings banks, a stock exchange, a safe deposit company, and, in fact, every kind of modern business institution.

PASSAGE MONEY AND LIVING RATES FOR THE ISLANDS

At present everything that goes from and comes to the Islands must pass through Honolulu, and it will always be one of the chief cities, if not the chief city, of the region. The only place that can ever hope to compete with it is the town of Hilo on the Island of Hawaii, but this has now a population of only 5000 and will need some millions of dollars expended on its harbor before it can be a landing place for the larger steamers. Honolulu will always be the seat of government and probably always the business and financial centre of the islands. It has, however, but a small harbor, which is taxed to its utmost with the shipping which calls here on its way to and from Australia, China and Japan, and the United States.

CUTTING THE SUGAR CANE

The young man who comes to the Sandwich Islands will first land at Honolulu. His passage from San Francisco to that point will cost him seventy-five dollars first cabin, or twenty-five dollars steerage, but the latter quarters on the ships are chiefly taken up with Chinese passengers and the accommodations are not at all comfortable. He will probably stop at Honolulu until he can look about him and get some idea of the chances. He will find that he is in a high-priced town and that his board will cost him as much, or more, than it did at home. If he goes to a hotel he will pay from two to five dollars the day, or if he rents a room he will be charged from six to twenty dollars the month, and his meals will cost him from four to six dollars the week. If he has a family and attempts to keep house his rent will be high, and he will find provisions more expensive than in the United States. His butter will cost him from forty to fifty cents the pound; eggs from thirty to fifty cents the dozen; flour two dollars and a half the hundred; beef about fifteen cents the pound, and other things in proportion. Even fruits and vegetables will be about one-third higher than at home, and the general extravagance of the people about him will be such that he will be tempted to spend more freely than at home. The average living expenses are, it is estimated, about one-third higher in Honolulu than they are in the United States.

If the young man is without capital he will have to rely on the labor market for his chances of a start; if he has a little money he may perhaps be able to engage in cooperative sugar planting; or if he has five thousand dollars or more there are opportunities for him to buy or lease Government lands and engage in raising coffee. The chief industry of the islands is sugar, but this, as I shall show further on, is one requiring large capital and expensive machinery. The best of the Americans here do not advise men to come to the islands unless they have at least five or ten thousand dollars, but others tell me there are opportunities for young men who are willing to work in almost every line.

WHAT YOU CAN EARN WITH YOUR HANDS, AND HOW

Let us first look at the labor market. It seems to me to be fairly well supplied. The sugar plantations are operated with Chinese and Japanese labor, there being 21,000 Asiatics on the sugar estates alone. In other branches of common labor there are from 20,000 to 30,000 more Chinese and Japanese and about 15,000 Portuguese, making a total of more than 60,000 of these classes of laborers in a population which is, all told, not more than 110,000. Taking out the natives, who in round numbers are about 40,000, there are 10,000 left, of whom perhaps 4000 are Americans. In Honolulu itself there are, I am told, not more than 4000 whites.

The young man from the States will come hoping to get a job in Honolulu or on one of the plantations as overseer or bookkeeper or engineer; he can hardly hope to take the places of the Chinese or Japanese. The demand for overseers is of course limited, and the man should not expect to get a position much more readily than he would at home. He will find, however, that wages are higher, both in Honolulu and in the country, than in the United States. The following are the sums paid for the different classes of work named: overseers and foremen on the plantations receive from $100 to $250 the month; sugar boilers and engineers from $100 to $175 the month; locomotive engineers from $40 to $75 the month, and plantation carpenters and blacksmiths from $50 to $100 the month. All of the higher-priced men on the plantations, including the above, have their houses and firewood furnished. White teamsters get from $30 to $40 the month, and the Chinese and Japanese common laborers about $15 the month.

In Honolulu mechanics are now in demand. There is considerable building going on and masons and carpenters are needed. The wages of carpenters and painters are from three to five dollars for the day's work of nine hours. Bricklayers receive five dollars and machinists from three to five dollars the day. There are at present about 2000 mechanics on the islands, of whom about 500 are Chinese and Japanese. There are about 300 American mechanics and perhaps 250 Portuguese. The drivers of the carts and wagons are principally natives, and the handling of freight at the wharves is done by the same class. I am told that they are preferred to the whites by the shippers. Outside of skilled mechanics, I should not advise any of our young men who have nothing but their muscle as capital to come to Honolulu.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN WITH YOUR HEAD

As to clerks and bookkeepers the situation is much similar. There are frequent opportunities to get positions, but not more so than in the United States. There are already here about 1400 clerks and salesmen who get wages of from $50 to $125 the month and upward. Some are employed in the stores, on the plantations, and others in the smaller towns, but the most are here in Honolulu. Every large establishment must have a variety of clerks large enough to cover all the languages in general use in the Islands—that is, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Hawaiian and English. If a clerk can speak German and English, or both English and Portuguese, he is considered the more valuable on that account. There are some large German firms in Honolulu who will not employ a clerk who cannot speak and write German.

In the line of commercial traveling there is little done in the Hawaiian Islands, and the commercial man from the United States, who expects to visit the islands to work up trade, upon landing at Honolulu will be asked to pay $500 for the privilege of selling goods or taking orders on the Island of Oahu. He will have to pay $250 for the same privilege on the larger of the other islands, and, if he should make this his residence and engage in business, he will find that the city charges from fifty dollars the year upward for a license. In all small businesses he will have the competition of the Chinese and Japanese who now have the petty

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles on Chances for Young Men in the far East. Each article is complete in itself.

retail trade of the islands, running the restaurants, the fruit stands and small grocery stores. They are good traders and are satisfied with small profits.

The professions are also fairly well supplied, there being about ninety doctors and one hundred and one lawyers. Under the Republic there were four circuit courts, a supreme court and about thirty district courts, but these may be changed under the new government inaugurated by the United States. Among the doctors are four American women and twenty-seven Japanese and Chinese practitioners. The Board of Health employs thirty physicians in the hospitals and dispensaries throughout the country, but these positions are filled. Doctors and dentists must take out a license, which is granted only upon the applicant showing a diploma from some reputable college or upon passing an examination. The children of rich or well-to-do Honolulu residents are graduating from the American colleges and universities every year and coming back here to practice in their chosen professions. They, of course, have the advantage over the newcomers in their local acquaintance and business connections.

THE OPENINGS IN THE GREAT SUGAR BUSINESS

The best chances and, in fact, almost the only chances for fortune-making in the Hawaiian Islands are from agriculture. The islands have neither mines nor manufactures, but they have a soil which will raise more sugar to the acre than any other land upon earth. On some plantations as many as ten tons of sugar to the acre are annually raised, a product from five to eight times as great as the average product of the sugar plantations of Louisiana.

The most of the money now made in the islands is from sugar. There are sixty large plantations, comprising altogether about 80,000 acres and yielding a product which annually sells for more than $15,000,000. These plantations are managed after the most modern methods. They are chiefly owned by corporations, the capital stocks of which range from half a million to four millions of dollars. The stock in the various companies is regularly bought and sold in the Honolulu stock exchange and nearly all of the companies pay big dividends. There is, all told, about $30,000,000 invested in the industry, of which about $22,500,000 belongs to Americans. The chief officers and overseers of the plantations are Americans, but the laborers are chiefly Chinese and Japanese who have been brought here under contract for this work. At present one-fourth of the whole population and fully one-half of the Asiatic population are employed on the sugar estates.

The chief opportunities for young men in connection with sugar raising are in what is here called cooperative farming—that is, in buying or leasing a small tract of land from one of the large companies and raising cane to be sold at the great factories. This is comparatively a new plan and quite a number of men are doing it at a profit. There is little opportunity to buy wild land which will raise sugar, and there are practically no sugar lands left in the hands of the Government. The profits from such land are so large that the best of it was bought or taken up on long leases from the Government years ago.

A BRIGHT FUTURE FOR MARKET GARDENERS

Outside of sugar there are many opportunities for the young man to succeed here in the different kinds of intensive farming which can be profitably undertaken on the islands. There is so little land, that the opportunities for doing things on the bonanza scale have long since gone by. In the raising of fruits and vegetables, in producing grain and meat for home consumption and in coffee plantations there would seem to be many openings. The soil here will produce almost any kind of tropical fruit. It will produce the choicest of pineapples and bananas and every kind of vegetable, including potatoes. Nevertheless, fruits are exceedingly high in the Honolulu markets and most of the potatoes used come from California. The same can be said of the wheat, notwithstanding the fact that during the first days of the gold excitement in California the bulk of the wheat and potatoes used there was raised in the Hawaiian Islands.

This is a land of oranges, but the fruit sells in Honolulu at twenty-five cents the dozen; strawberries can be easily grown, but they bring twenty-five cents the pound; grapes thrive, but if you buy them at the fruit stands you pay fifteen cents the pound for them, and it is so with similar fruits. As to bananas and pineapples, it is claimed the islands could produce enough of them to supply all the markets east of the Mississippi River. The taking off the tariff and the reduction of freight rates, which will probably follow the annexation to the United States, will make this country the tropical fruit garden of our Western States.

So far there has been so much money in sugar raising that everything else has had to give way to it, the planters lazily preferring to buy their supplies from the outside, just as the cotton planters of the Southern States did when they received such high prices for that crop. Now that the sugar lands are all taken up, other possible crops are receiving consideration.

PHOTO BY THE DAVEY PHOTO CO., N. Y.

PACKING PINEAPPLES AT PEARL CITY, OAHU

PHOTO BY THE DAVEY PHOTO CO., N. Y.

UNHULLED COFFEE BERRIES

THE BEST CHANCE FOR THE SMALL CAPITALIST

The chief of the new industries is the raising of coffee, and this is perhaps the best opening for the young man of small means. The coffee lands lie high up above the sugar plantations, which are chiefly found close to the sea. The coffee tree will bear as high up as half a mile above sea level, or as low as five hundred feet above that point. Coffee raising is comparatively a new industry, bringing a new class of land into use; hundreds of small capitalists have gone into it within the past few years.

The Hawaiian coffee is far superior to that raised in Brazil. It ranks with the best Mocha and Java in the markets of the Pacific slope, selling at retail there for thirty-five and forty cents the pound. It brings from fifteen to eighteen cents the pound at wholesale in the markets of San Francisco, where Rio sells for six or seven cents. At these rates the planters of Hawaii can figure on a clear profit of about ten cents the pound, and as a good plantation in bearing will annually produce about 1500 pounds to the acre, the profits are very large. One plantation on the Island of Hawaii produced last year 3400 pounds to the acre, or a net profit of $340 the acre, so that it will be seen that even a small coffee plantation might bring in a considerable income.

To raise coffee, however, requires some capital, and no young man should come to the Islands for that purpose unless he has a capital of from three to five thousand dollars. The latter amount is considered by some low and by others ample for a start. For this sum he could take up a hundred acres of Government land on the Island of Hawaii, about the only island on which there is any land left. He would secure it on what is known as the purchase-lease system, agreeing to pay for it at its appraised value, say at from seven to ten dollars the acre, at any time within twenty-one years, provided he pay the Government eight per cent. interest on the value of the appraisement until the purchase money be paid. He would also agree to make certain improvements, and to live on the land, the understanding being that he could complete the purchase at any time after two years.

THE PROCESS OF BUILDING UP A PLANTATION

The coffee raiser first clears the land of forest and jungle. This will cost him perhaps thirty dollars the acre; but he can clear a little at a time, putting in, say, ten acres more every year, until at last he has the whole clear and in coffee. He buys his coffee trees of a nursery for two or three cents apiece and sets them out. They are cultivated from year to year, and at the third year begin to produce. They should be in full bearing the fifth year, at which time they will have cost him from $150 to $200 the acre. From that time on for twenty years or more they should annually pay him $100 the acre—a generous profit on his investment.

The process of building up such a plantation can be graduated by the amount of capital in the hands of the farmer, the larger plantations requiring, of course, more money and labor. A hundred-acre plantation with fifty acres only in coffee should produce an income of $6000 a year after the fifth year. This is, estimating the yield to be one pound to the tree, at a profit of ten cents the pound. Not counting the labor of the planter, the net cost of making and stocking such a plantation would be $12,000. The man with $5000 would start with less cultivated land, do his own work at least as far as management is concerned, and perhaps add to his income by raising bananas and vegetables.

The young man in this case will probably realize considerable off of the rise in the value of his land. There is but little good Government land left. The amount, all told, is less than two million acres. Of this, much is sterile, a great part inaccessible, and other parts are covered with lava. There are perhaps 500,000 acres that are of some value, and half of this amount is excellent land. The best coffee lands are on the Island of Hawaii, and about 60,000 acres of this character will be opened to settlement by the Kohala and Hilo Railway, which is now being surveyed.

THE CONDITIONS ON WHICH LAND CAN BE HELD

The Government is anxious that this land should be taken up by small planters, and, according to law, land can only be sold or leased in lots not to exceed one hundred acres, and only to persons who will agree to keep one-fourth of the land in cultivation for a period of years, and who will agree to live upon it. To such persons the land is sold at a low appraisement, often at one-fourth and less than the value of private lands in the same vicinity and of the same character. If all the good Government land as above estimated, 250,000 acres, were so divided, it would only accommodate 2500 families, so it will be seen that the supply is limited and the value of such lands must eventually increase.

At present the islands are divided up into great baronial estates owned or leased by rich men or corporations. Oahu has no public land available to settlers; Kauai, the Garden Island, is practically controlled by six corporations, and the Bishop Estate owns 600,000 acres outright. The Parkers control 700,000 acres on the Island of Hawaii, including 250,000 acres under irrigation, and the small island of Niihau has 25,000 sheep all owned by one family. The chances of the young investor are almost exclusively limited to the Government lands, and these are comparatively so few that they will, in a short time, be exhausted.

How They Treat Cub Reporters in Ohio

HARRY D. JONES, a well-known New York editor, tells a story illustrating the trials of one cub reporter:

"It was in Cleveland, Ohio, some years ago, when I was engaged in daily newspaper work in that city. A young man had just joined the reportorial staff of a rival paper. He came from an out-of-the-way town, and had never before lived in a large city. He was elated over this position, and assumed so much dignity and even haughtiness that the other reporters determined to teach him a lesson. He had been sent to the lake front to get an exclusive story concerning the ship-building industry, and he announced that fact to several other reporters, one of whom looked at him in mock amazement and remarked solemnly:

"'By Jove, old man, that's work they give to the oldest reporters on the staff! You see, these millionaire ship-builders won't talk to the ordinary reporter. If you have influence you can get a great beat from Keelson's yard. Everybody has been trying to get in there for two weeks.'

"The new reporter said that he had all the influence he needed and went post-haste to the yard. Here he was received by the second conspirator, who had taken on the guise of a member of the firm, and filled up with a technical story in which keels and main trucks, rudder posts and cutwaters, rolling chocks and deadeyes, were hopelessly and absurdly mingled. He closed the interview by presenting the reporter with a photograph of what he called the newest idea in naval architecture, but which was, in fact, a snapshot picture of a factory taken at an unusual angle, with the factory chimney seeming to spring from the deck of a small boat lying in front of the building.

"The next day this remarkable picture appeared in print. Early in the afternoon the reporter was called up on the telephone by the third conspirator, who said angrily:

"'I am the agent of the ship-building company whose boat you libeled to-day, and you have described it so incorrectly that I shall sue you for damages unless you print a retraction and make the proper corrections. The chimney as you have printed it looks as if it were on my boat. It does not belong to my boat at all, but is part of a factory near by.'

"And this statement appeared in the paper the next morning just as it had been sent over the telephone. That same afternoon the new reporter started on one of the longest vacations on record in Ohio journalism. It is not ended yet."

Nawaz Khan: The Gift of Allah

By W. A. Fraser

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NAWAZ KHAN was the fighting ram of the Marris. This is a chronicle of the result of his dabbling in the affairs of the British Empire.

The Marris tribesmen were a joyous set of looting blackguards—proper Pathans. They were a small tribe; to them had come down a heritage of border feud, which, though it developed the fighting qualities of the survivals, kept the census within bounds.

Their land was fifty miles northeast of a sin-stricken *teshil* (station) named Sibi, on the Afghan border. Any tribe that lives within fifty miles of that station is sure to be bad clean through. Sibi was known as "the white man's grave"; that was flattery—it was worse.

In September, when I passed through the land of the Marris they despoiled me with cheerful abandon; they looted my commissariat camel with platonic freedom, and one night a lover of fine raiment came as I slept and cut the side from my tent to make a toga for his broad shoulders. Allah! that was clever.

Six footsore brigands made sandals from my leather gun-case, and then came and hobnobbed with me over a pot of tea. They were proud of their new footwear; the oak-tanned soles peeped at me joyously from beneath the square, rugged toes of the unabashed Pathans. I said nothing about this little matter—controversy might have ended with a slit in my neck; they have such a summary way of ending unpleasant arguments.

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My guide, who was a first cousin to these outlaws in deviltry, was the best-natured blackguard I ever traveled with; he gave me politic pointers, for he had the wisdom of the serpent.

"These dwellers in caves," he said, "are the unregenerate offspring of depraved camels—also of evil swine; therefore take no notice, and we will get through pleasantly enough—without trouble."

His policy was sound; so the Marris and I remained on the very best of terms; they even showed me Nawaz Khan, the fighting ram that had bucked into oblivion every other ram from Dera Ghazi to Peshawur. And because of that they had been exalted among the ram-fighting, man-fighting, any-sort-of-fighting nations of that *kush*.

At the guide's suggestion I gave the owner, Rahat Shah, five rupees to make silver knobs for the points of the Khan's horns. Surely I had become a blood-brother to the cut-throat Marris. That was what the guide said; also was I safe in the sight of Allah, he assured me.

When I returned in December, Nawaz Khan, "the Gift of Allah," was gone. He had been looted, or had tumbled over a cliff. The tribe had searched at the bottom of every precipice without result. That he had been stolen was as difficult of belief as the statement that some one had made away with Buddha's tooth from the temple at Kandy.

But Nawaz Khan was gone, of a certainty. And now there was only the memory of his many battles, and the promise of much murder for the thieves who held him.

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When I reached Sibi almost the first sight I saw was a ram, joyous in much fat, taking a rise out of a tall Punjabi orderly in front of his Colonel's tent. The ram had caught him fair in the middle, on the south side, and if the soldier had been brittle he would have broken in two. As it was, he covered much territory before lighting on his head in the white sand of the Sibi plain.

The orderly was vexed at the importunate attention from the hard-headed ram. He picked himself up with Sikh dignity and reached for his gun which stood with three inches of its iron muzzle buried in the soft earth.

Now a ram, when he tries for a knock-out blow and fails, usually backs up and plays a little harder next time, but the orderly's assailant seemed to think he had carried the joke far enough—wisely, perhaps—and walked sedately over to the Colonel's dog-cart and started peeling the yellow paint from its spokes.

Something about the cut of this pugnacious sheep appeared familiar to me. I manœuvred up to him strategically, keeping my line of retreat well open. A critical reconnaissance convinced me that it was the fighting ram of my freebooting friends who lived in the foothills of the Sulelmans: there were the silver knobs of which I was the donor.

Great Scott! what was he doing here at the Colonel's tent? The whole Marris country would be in a blaze if they knew of it.

But they had looted me; therefore let them look to Allah for the return of their tribe's glory.

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I asked Teniers, who was a Lieutenant in the regiment, where they had *pakarao'd* the sheep.

"Such a lark!" he answered. "You know, the Colonel is a queer fish; studies his book on tactics—form D. B. Z. in his pocket all the time. Good enough chap, you know, the old fellow is—wouldn't know enough to step inside if it were raining bullets, and nothing to be gained by getting shot; but all the same, he's like one of those greaseless country carts with his squeaky voice—puts the fellows all on edge, you know.

"We don't mind fighting—like it, of course; but hang it all! when there's no fighting to be got—when all these hill fellows are like a bally lot of shepherds, plodding around with their sheep and goats, and no raiding on, why, we want a bit of fun or else we'll go flabby.

"Now, 'Old Squeaks'—that's what the chaps call him—thinks fun, polo, and all the rest of it, you know, is all skittles; he talks about the officers blowin' their oof, and tommy-rot of that sort."

I let Teniers talk, and busied myself with his cheroot case, hunting for a decent Trichi; for I knew there was something needing a lot of explaining away, and that my young friend was leading up to it diplomatically enough. So I waited, and smoked patiently as he rattled on with his picturesque narrative.

"Well, it seemed hopeless enough; we sat in the worst sort of luck. There was some fighting up Chitral way with Shir Afzul, Umra Khan, and that lot, but we never got 'the route.' The camp was simply dying of stagnation. If cholera had come down from the Bolan, as it did last year, it would have played the deuce with us—we were that stalled for want of fighting or something.

"There were always five or six of our fellows in hospital, and not a broken bone or a 'concussion' in the whole bally lot—nothing but flabby heart. That was what was bowling them over—*thinking*. We didn't come out here to think, did we, Braem?"

"I should say not," I replied with an emphatic laugh.

Teniers looked at me quizzically. "Don't be a sarcastic goat," he said testily. "We can think right enough when it's needed; but fighting, or polo, or racing's the thing to keep a man fit. Good Heavens! the Surgeon actually hinted that some of the fellows were malingering. It would have ended in mutiny right enough; but just then we got hold of Yusuf——"

Before my friend had time to finish the sentence there was a rushing noise like the cutting loose of a junior cyclone, and over we went, tent and all. Jove! but it was a mix-up. The cot, a stool, a suit-case, young Teniers with a sword spitted between his legs, and myself, rolled up in several yards of canvas.

I felt some great body go crashing over me, and heard, rather indistinctly, the Lieutenant's voice, muffled in the folds of the tent, saying: "It's that ——— ram, I bet a guinea! What in the name of Allah is he after now?"

It was the Khan, right enough. When a sergeant and two privates had sorted us from among the débris, we discovered that a small, brick-laden donkey had excited the ram's curiosity, and he had attempted to sample the stability of the groggy little legs that looked so hopelessly inadequate.

The donkey flipped about just in time to miss the rush, and Nawaz Khan's charge had carried him through our tent. When the soldiers had pitched the wrecked tent, Teniers continued the interrupted history of the advent of the ram.

"Does he do that often?" I asked.

"That's the first time he's pipped my castle," said the Lieutenant, working the sand out of his hair with a brush. "His favorite mark is a Tommy curled up on a *charpoy* asleep. Sometimes he bunts the water barrels over, too; and once he tipped the Old Man up backing to charge something that seemed a happy mark. Squeaks was heels on, and didn't see him coming. We hid the ram for two days—the Colonel would have shot him."

"Who owns him—did one of the men *chor* him?" I asked cautiously, for the Khan's deeds made my friend a bit irrelevant to the point at issue.

"No; got him from Yusuf—you know Yusuf Khan, the camel man?"

I assented. I remembered him well. Once upon a time he had sold me a mad Bokharan as a riding camel, and the blatant thing had run away with me for twenty miles. At the end I was seasick, and for a week had amateur rheumatism. "Yes, I remember him," I said reminiscently; "he's a bad lot, even for a Pathan."

❧

"Well, Yusuf wanted the contract for supplying transport camels, and came to me about it. Wanted to know what *backshish* he could give the Colonel to win his heart. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Fancy his trying to work Squeaks that way. They do it among themselves, you know; everybody's got to have his *dustoor*—so he thought it was only a question of finding out the Colonel's fancy.

"Lutyens, who came up with the regiment, was with me, and we pulled old Yusuf's leg no end of a time, quizzing him as to what he had to give the Colonel. At last he mentioned that he had a fighting ram, the best between Sibi and Cabul.

"By Jove! you should have seen Lutyens jump at that. He swore the Colonel was just dying to have a fighting ram; that he was a great sportsman, and reveled in that sort of thing—lived on it. I must say that I backed the Major up—I had to.

"'You'll get anything you want,' Lutyens told Yusuf, 'only bring the ram in.'

"Fancy Squeaks fighting rams—it's unholy. His aunt, or somebody, wouldn't like it.

"We put the other fellows on to the 'good thing,' and in the end Yusuf was coached properly. Also we worked the Colonel—stuffed him. It was as good as a ballet, or a brush up in the hills. The fellows came out of hospital to play the new game that was on.

"The Colonel, you know, had been down in Burma, or China, or some other heathen country, with his regiment, and when they were sent up here to relieve the Tenth, neither he nor any of the others knew a word of this Pathan *bahi*—Pushtu is like dummy talk to them. Of course he had passed in the thing at home, the lingo we all went through—Urdu, they call it, I think; but here it seems to be Pushtu, sheep-talk, and Persian mixed. When Squeaks thinks he's telling them to clear out they come and sit in his lap.

"We squared his *krani* (interpreter). He's a Bengali Baboo, and is afraid of everything but rupees. Lutyens frightened him to death—swore he'd ride Shahzada over him by accident if he didn't make proper talk when Yusuf brought in the lambkin.

❧

"One day Yusuf and three other brawny Afghans turned up, with the dirt of twoscore years thick upon the lot of them. Cracky! but they were fierce-looking: *jezails*, jade-handled knives the length of your arm, and all the rest of their cut-throat tools. With them came the ram, of course. He was short-clipped, and gorgeous in many colors—painted up for the occasion.

"'Diplomacy is the racket,' said Lutyens; 'play Squeaks on that.'

"You see, the Colonel has a hobby that if we can humor these natives we sha'n't have to fight them. It'll be a beastly hole to live in if that ever comes about; we'd soon die off if there was no fighting to be had.

"The Old Man held a regular durbar; for the Baboo explained that Yusuf was one of the Khan of Kelat's small chiefs, and that he wanted to make friendship with the English for his tribe. His people lived somewhere up in the Bolans near Kirta.

"They ate salt together, and touched palms with a rupee, and things went on swimmingly.

—AND WITH THEM WAS A GIGANTIC RAM, CLOSE-CLIPPED, AND WITH ALL THE GLORY OF WAR PAINT ON HIS STRONG-RIBBED SIDES AND MUSCULAR QUARTERS

"Yusuf couldn't understand a word the Colonel said, and the Afghan's *bahi* was all Greek to Squeaks. Lutyens had his eye on the *krani*, who was interpreting after a fashion—you know Lutyens' eye; it's like a cocked pistol—so we were on velvet.

"The game was, that Yusuf had brought in the ram as a peace offering; it was the thing his people prized most on earth—a sort of sacred gift. And so long as the Colonel kept the ram in the regiment, Yusuf's people would look upon us as blood-brothers. It was all Lutyens' doings, I swear.

"At first when the Colonel understood that he was to take the sheep, he bucked at the idea. He hates everything but a cavalry horse, you know, and only likes them because they're useful.

"The funny part of the business was that Yusuf really got the contract for the camels; not on account of the sheep, but because the Colonel thought it a good thing to win over this head man.

"That's how we got the ram," said Teniers. "He simply won't leave the Colonel—hangs around his tent all the time, bunting the orderly. One day he chewed the tops off Squeaks' new boots. He's really kept us alive. And what's odd, the Colonel's got fond of him—we all know that; he's never bunted the Old Man once, only the time he upset him by mistake. He just does as he likes in the regiment; they look upon him as a mascot.

"He's a proper *budmash* (scoundrel); but what can you expect from a ram that's been brought up among these sons of Belial when he gets into decent society?

"The Sergeants' mess clubbed in and put that silver ring on his horn. They're a scum lot—they looted all the refreshment-rooms coming up from Karachi; but they'd fight for the lamb until they were wiped out, I believe. That's because he's so properly bad; they like it."

I said never a word about the original owners of the ram—it would be a pity to spoil sport. If Yusuf had looted him from the Marris he deserved that camel contract. I even forgave him my ride on the mad Bokharan.

Then we had a week of Sibi dullness; nothing happened, absolutely nothing—only the heat. It was terrific.

The Beluchis in the plain about Sibi went out and tilled their fields, and tended their flocks, and never a hillman swooped down on them. It looked as though the little round towers of defense dotted all over the plain like huge churns might as well be leveled to the ground. The fellows squabbled among themselves, and prayed for strong-hearted infidels to come down and fight them. It was the heat—it took the life out of everything. Even the Khan lay asleep most of the time—he was getting fat.

All week the Colonel had labored most seriously over a letter to the Civil and Military Gazette on the necessity for higher diplomatic knowledge among military officers in command in border districts. He made a strong point of the assertion that "diplomacy was the higher form of applied patience." He always wrote with a tight grip on the pen, and his mouth twisted to one side. That's a proper military man's attitude—it's like sword play.

Incidentally, the ram mixed up with the Colonel's epic. Tuesday while he was sweating over an intricate paragraph that wouldn't go right anyhow, the Khan stalked Lutyens' fox-terrier, and shikarried him into the Colonel's tent. The table was upset, and three pages of the manuscript floated in ink. The profanity was awful. It frightened even the Khan, and he didn't show up for a day.

When the Old Man finished the article Thursday he had writers' cramp and a stiff neck. Friday the ram nibbled the letter out of his tunic pocket, as it lay on a chair, and ate it. The orderly saw him just finishing the "Yours truly, Diplomat."

Now patience was a good thing to write about in an article on diplomacy; but when it came to having a week's work chewed up by a bilious ram it was a little too much for human nature, and the Colonel's language was terrific; also he battered the ram.

All Saturday we laughed over this, for it leaked out. That night Nawaz Khan chevied a bowl of lettuce that was on Major Lutyens' dinner-table; and the four of us who were to have dined with him had to go and borrow a scrap meal from different sections of the camp. It cost Lutyens twenty-five rupees for new dishes; to say nothing of two wasted bottles of Simpkin opened on the ram's horns.

Monday joy reigned in the regiment. "The route" was out for a detachment of two companies. Where they were going nobody knew, only the Colonel. Something was on up in the hills. It couldn't be a fight, with only two companies called; it must be political. However, it was a move; and Lutyens and Teniers, who were going, were full of it.

By daylight Tuesday morning the men were on the march; and by noon the broad, flat surface of the Sibi *Put* (desert) had swallowed them up; there was only a glinting mirage where they had gone off toward the northeast. They were heading straight for the Marris hills.

A feeling of misgiving came over me when I realized that they were going toward the Marris Pass, for the ram had gone with them.

At sunrise, Thursday, bright, glinting flashes struck our camp, thrown from the hills to the east. It was a heliograph signal. It read:

"Surrounded by tribesmen fifteen miles up the Pass. Hard pressed. Send reënforcements."

An answer was flashed back that we'd leave immediately, and soon the remainder of the regiment was streaming across the *Put*, with two seven-pounders and a Gatling.

This is what had happened in the meantime.

After they had gone about five miles, the Colonel suddenly discovered that Nawaz Khan was complacently marching with the transport. The Old Man swore like a trooper. "Curse the brute!" he exclaimed, "am I never going to get away from that ram!" But the fellows fancied he was really pleased that the Khan had stuck to them. It was too late to turn him back, so he and the orderly plodded along together.

When they got among the hills, the natives came into the camp friendly enough. At first there were a few of them. They talked to the Colonel through the *krani*, and though the latter was a little mixed on their *bahi*, he understood just enough to exchange the courtesies.

But the minute they got their eye on the ram, things changed. They soon slipped away; but our fellows didn't know that it had anything to do with the Khan—they didn't know he had been looted from the Marris.

At the next halt, farther up in the hills, quite a large body of tribesmen came in and had a palaver. Our fellows had seen them hovering about on the line of march. The Baboo couldn't explain four annas of what they said; but it was easy to see they were demanding the ram.

Then the Old Man's liking for the beast cropped up. "It was infernal cheek," he called it. "The ram was the regiment's mascot—it would be like giving up the colors. Never! he'd fight them first. If it were a sort of toll they were levying he'd pay something for the sake of peace rather than have a *lamasha*."

He ordered the Baboo to give the chief, Afzul ul Mulk, fifty rupees. The latter tucked the bag of silver in his belt, and sat on his haunches sullenly.

"What is he waiting for?" asked the Colonel.

"He wants the ram, sir."

This brought the Colonel to the end of his diplomatic tether—his choler got up, and he ordered the Marris to clear out. They went, and the troops lost sight of them.

Toward noon, as the detachment marched along the track which led over a dry watercourse up to a narrow slit in the hills, they were suddenly fired upon from in front. The hills on either side of the Pass were thronged with white-turbaned tribesmen who were sniping at the troops with long rifles.

The Colonel's men returned the fire, but most of the bullets only spatted against the rock-cover the hillmen crouched behind. "Phut! phut!" went the guns on the hillside; "p–ing–g! spit! spat!" came the leaden pills from every side, for the Pathans were closing up in the rear also. The men were in a trap.

"We've got to get out of this, and make a stand on higher ground, sir," said Lutyens.

Then the men charged up one side of the valley, and drove the Marris from the top of a hill at the point of the bayonet. It was hot work. Lutyens got a bullet in his arm, and half a dozen men dropped in the valley. There was no time to get them; they lay there under the cross-fire, as well as eight or ten of the Pathans.

It looked like bad business, and the hills all around simply swarmed with tribesmen who kept up a dropping fire. It didn't do much harm, the range was too great; but the troops were surrounded, and it would be hot work getting out. The Marris saw they had our fellows trapped, and played a waiting game. There were hundreds of them; the hills were alive. Teniers and Sergeant Flynn volunteered to slip through the enemy that night and bring up reënforcements.

They took a heliograph with them because they could signal from the foothills in the morning, saving a twenty-mile tramp, and get word to the regiment quicker. They stole out in the darkness, and the men waited, not knowing whether they got through or not.

All night the tribesmen kept up a spitting fire—just enough to make rest impossible. That was their game—to keep the small troop hemmed in, and worry them to death.

Our fellows knew what it meant—water. The hill was like an ash heap—as dry. The water bottles wouldn't fight the heat for twenty-four hours; another twenty-four and they would parch up and choke. The men of Allah on the hills knew that, too.

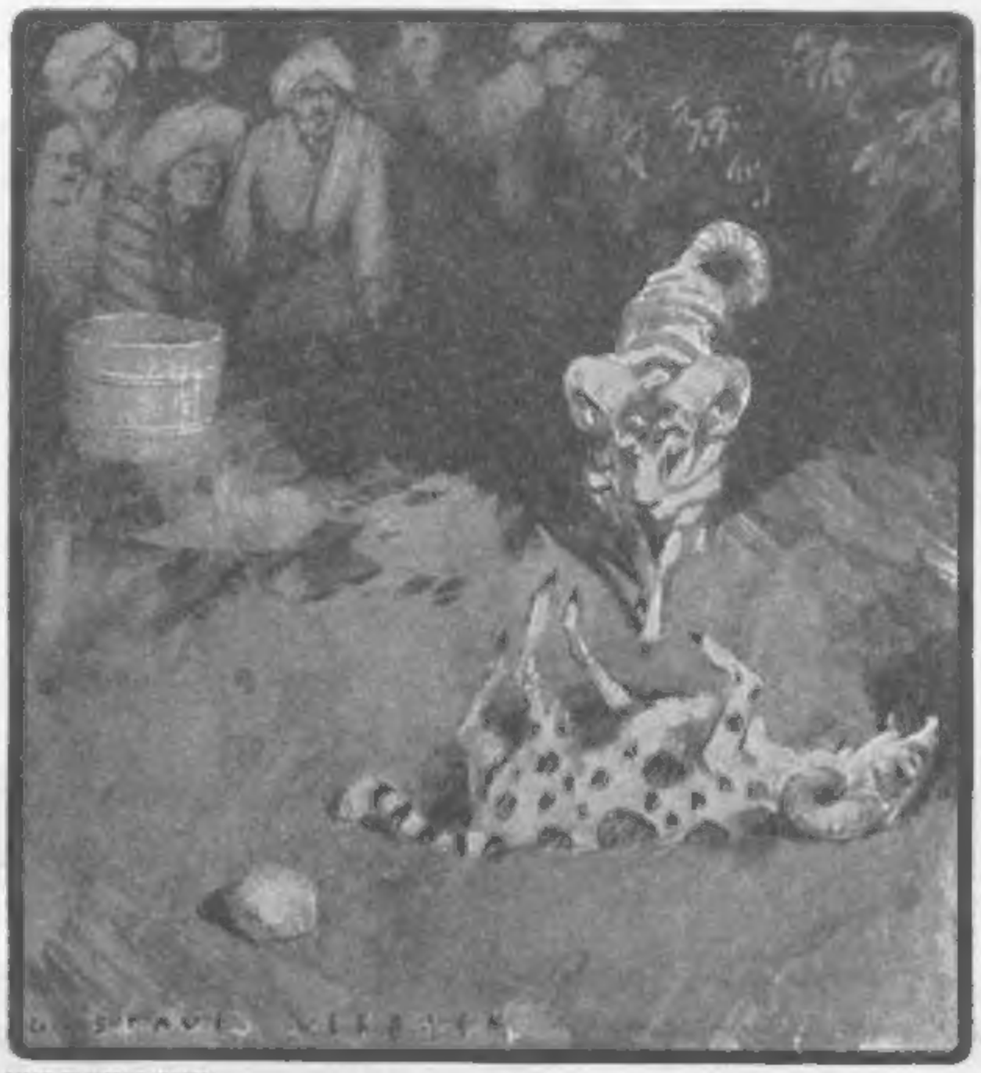
Of course, if Teniers didn't get through, and the balance of the regiment didn't turn up, the detachment would have to fight its way out. It would be at terrible cost—probably not a man would get through alive. They hadn't a field gun with them—nothing but their rifles; so they couldn't shell the enemy from their path. This was a serious mistake; but the Colonel had evidently started out on a political mission, and considered guns an impediment to rapid travel. So they prayed hard that Teniers or the sergeant might get through.

They expected the natives to rush them just before daylight, but there was no attack—nothing but the wearing fire, the dribbling in of bullets, to keep them on edge.

The wounded and dead lay between the two forces. Once our men tried to slip down to bring in their wounded, but were driven back; twice the tribesmen crept down, but were repulsed with a stiff volley—their mission was throat-cutting.

In the morning it was seen that the Marris had been at work during the night. Two stone *sangas* had been thrown up within fair range of our men; but Lutyens had also constructed a barricade, so honors were even.

About nine o'clock half-a-dozen Marris came down with a white flag—they wanted to pick up the wounded. Our fellows were glad of the chance of a truce, and the poor chaps who had lain out all night were brought in.



—FINALLY THE KHAN WAS SMASHED TO THE EARTH BY A GLANCING BLOW

While this was going on, another party of eight or ten came in with a white flag also; and with them was a gigantic ram, close-clipped, and with all the glory of war paint on his strong-ribbed sides and muscular quarters. The Baboo unearthed from their muddy vocabulary that they wanted to fight the Khan.

"They're a rum lot," said Lutyens, with his arm in a sling; "while they've got us hemmed in here, and hope to starve us out, they want to put in the time pleasantly by holding sports. But it will delay matters anyway, and give Teniers a chance. If he'd been captured we'd have heard about it, I think—he must have got through.

"We'll fight them with the ram, won't we, sir?" he said to the Colonel. "It'll keep things back. We'll mark time as long as we can—I'll swear the ram has just been fed, and hold the fight off for a couple of hours till he's in good condition. He's too fat to fight anyway—the other fellow'll do him up; their brute's as fit as a fiddle."

So with the aid of the Baboo the thing was explained, in a fashion, and the fight held off until after dinner; the visitors, who were probably selecting the individual throats they meant to slit when they had persuaded our men to surrender their rifles later on, were fed with profuse hospitality.

It was a fine diplomatic play all round. Afzul Mulk reasoned that they were helping to eat up the provisions the troops had to subsist upon, therefore they would be starved into surrender the sooner. The Colonel and his officers hoped that Teniers had escaped, and if they could delay matters with the aid of the ram long enough, the relieving force would pop in on the flank of the enemy with a machine gun or two, and save the situation.

The hillmen were receiving reënforcements all the time. They were a fine lot of blackguards, these Marris; they ate cheerily with our fellows, and viewed critically the commissariat they hoped to be placed in command of by the help of Allah and much thirst.

Lutyens, who had taken charge of the fighting arrangements, delayed bringing out the Khan as long as he dared. At last, about two o'clock, he concluded he had reached the limit; the visitors were muttering impatiently.

A sharp lookout was kept to prevent a surprise, and the *lamasha* started. The Khan was full of it. Fighting in the camp at Sibi had been stupid play; nothing fought back—here was the sport of his lambhood. The Marris ram was keen as a fox-terrier, too.

When they came together in the first round it was like the

bursting of a shrapnel; but it was only a feeler evidently. They backed off a little farther next time, and with short, jerky pig-jumps banged into each other. The flint horns cracked sharp and clear in the still mountain air.

As the sound went echoing up the cañons of the hills the tribesmen cheered with joy—it was a fight after their own hearts. The whole camp warmed to the fun; the Colonel was the most excited man in the detachment.

Lutyens was new to the game, and didn't handle his ram right. One of the tribesmen, who had been watching the Khan with loving eye, jumped up and begged, with much pantomime, to be given charge of the detachment ram.

"Let him handle him!" cried the Colonel; "we've got to win, or they'll take it as an omen that they're going to beat us."

The Pathan almost cried for joy when he put his strong fingers in the Khan's whiskers. He laid his swarthy face against the ram's Roman nose, and the sheep knew him. It was Rahat Shah, the Khan's rightful owner; but our chaps didn't know that. They backed the rams amongst themselves. Afzul, the head man of the Marris, drew forth the Colonel's fifty rupees he had tucked in his belt, and gave Squeaks to understand he wanted to gamble on the fight. Jove! if the Colonel didn't take him up! Nobody had ever seen him make a bet in his life before.

The Khan's new handler played fair—played to win. Lutyens watched him close; but he didn't need that. He was a proper sportsman—they're all that. He gave the Khan a chance to get his wind; delayed each round as long as he could. That was what our fellows wanted.

The Khan was a bit the stronger, and at first got a lead over the other chap; but the hawk-eyes of the natives had sized up the situation pretty well. They knew that our ram was fat, inside and out, and would tire after a bit. Their ram was as hard as nails; everything in their country is, men and all. He was like a fighting boar—gaunt and rough; all muscle and pluck, with horns of steel.

The Khan's charges became perceptibly less fierce; he wavered a little as they came together like rocks in an avalanche. His hind quarters drooped after each crash.

"This comes of you juniors always stuffing the beast with sugar or some cursed thing!" squeaked the Colonel. "You've spoiled one of the best fights ever was."

What with preliminaries, and rests between rounds, and hard fighting, the battle lasted over an hour, when finally the Khan was smashed to the earth by a glancing blow that slipped from his horns and tore along his thick neck. He'd had enough—he knew that. Not for his old master even, not for anything, would he face the music again. The tribesmen had won.

The visitors sprang to their feet and cheered the wild battle-cry of the Pathan. Up, up the hills it went, caught up and echoed from throat to throat—hundreds of them—until the whole range rang with the pean of victory. It was impressive. Our men were awed. It was like a foreboding of disaster.

The Colonel quietly handed over the rupees to Afzul. The Marris squatted on their haunches again; and Lutyens, to show that there was no ill-will, ordered hot coffee served to them.

Rahat Shah, who had handled the Khan, got him on his feet, and started to lead him over to the little group of squatted tribesmen.

The Colonel interfered. "Take the ram away from that chap," he ordered. "I believe they're trying to walk him off."

The orderly took the Khan from the Marris and put him over with our men. Rahat Shah was astonished—indignant. He hustled the orderly a little, and there was a bit of a scuffle at first; but the ram was taken away from the persistent tribesmen.

The sitting Marris muttered among themselves and commenced to move about restlessly. Afzul was energetically trying to explain something to the Baboo.

"What's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "What does he say?"

"Not understanding his talk, sir," replied the Baboo. "His talk not of my country, therefore not understanding proper. He wanting the sheep, sir, I think."

"That's rich," retorted the Colonel; "dash his eyes! I suppose they think because the ram's beaten we won't keep him. Tell them, if you can, with my salaams, that if they want him real bad, they can come and take him in their usual *zabardasti* way—there'll be a few dead Mussulmans before they get him, though. But don't hurry it, Baboo—keep them as long as you can. I'd like to hear the music of a Gatling on their flank over there."

Now the Baboo loved to talk—all Baboos do; but the Marris didn't want talk; it was the ram they were after. Besides, they hated a Baboo worse than they did the cursed Feringees, the British.

When they saw they were getting more Baboo talk than ram, they exchanged a few fierce, hot words among themselves, standing defiantly erect, then turned away, anger flipping from every fold of their loose dress, and marched sullenly down the hill, across the valley, and up where crouched their fellows.

"Gad! they're mad," said the Colonel. "Wonder what it's all about. We'll get pepper now; get ready for them, Major."

Below, the valley was silent. The dead had been turned under the rubble of earth and broken stone, and the wounded brought into the lines. The sun was almost dipping behind the peaks in the west.

With set faces the men waited for the bloodthirsty rush that would come surely: either that, or the hiss of a shrapnel coming up the valley from the relief. Which would come first? It was time for the reënforcement, if Teniers had escaped.

They could see the tribesmen creeping closer down from the surrounding hills—drawing the death circle nearer.

"Reserve your fire," said the Colonel sternly. "Give it to them when you can smell them. We'll make as good a fight as the ram did, anyway."

"By Jove! they're mad clean through," said Lutyens, as he watched the Pathans through his field glass; "they won't even wait for the dark; and to starve us out is too slow, evidently. There they go—sniping again," as little white puffs of smoke darted out from the hillside like hot breath on a frosty morning, and the "p–s–ing–g" of the singing lead struck on his ears.

Then he swept the valley to the south with the powerful glass. Nothing moved in that direction but the white of a fluttering Marris coat, or the brown of a sheepskin vest.

Lower and lower moved the white circle of the creeping tribesmen. It was like watching the foam-wash of the incoming tide.

"Fix bayonets!" commanded Lutyens; and the shining steel was clicked into place with grim earnestness.

"They don't relish the steel," said Lutyens; "we can give them points at that game anyway." It was a grim joke, for he knew well that numbers would tell in the end; and though they might be driven back once, twice, a dozen times, the Pathan wolves would come again, and again, until every throat was cut.

The foe was down in the valley now, not three hundred yards, and slipping from rock to rock—stalking their white prey.

"When they mass for the rush," said the Major to the men, "we'll give them a volley, and another before they reach us; then it'll be the bayonet against their big knives. Gad! I almost thought—no, it couldn't be. I fancied I heard a bugle; but it's one of their cursed sheep-calls, I suppose."

The Marris were armed with smooth-worn Sniders ("gas pipes") and the long-barreled *jezail*. More than half of them had nothing but the strong hungry knives that would rip and slash when they had broken the ranks.

Suddenly Afzul was seen to jump on a rock and wave a green and yellow banner. That was the signal for the onslaught. Pandemonium broke loose. Every rock and every hill echoed with a hundred tongues the fanatic Moslem cry.

"They're a noisy lot of beggars," said the Colonel; "just like the Burmese; but they'll fight better, I fancy."

Like a pack of hungry wolves giving cry they started up the ascent.

"Present! steady, men—aim low! fire!" came the commands sharp and clear from the Major.

A red circle of hot, belching fire darted from the black barrels of the Martinis; and the wailing hail swept down the hillside, and the white, rushing line swayed, staggered, trembled for an instant, and then swept on again, closing up the gaps that had been bitten into it by the eager teeth. The Sniders and the *jezails* vomited back an answer; but the stone barricade grabbed at the bullets, and only three men swayed drunkenly from the wall.

Half-way up the hill the Martinis coughed again; and the second volley plowed deeper and more terribly into the Moslem foe.

Again the line wavered; there was a lull; Afzul's voice could be heard bellowing like a mountain leopard at his hesitating men.

A low moaning shriek came up the valley; there was a crash as a shrapnel burst, and an acre of bullets hissed and screeched as they cut through the air on the charging enemy's flank. "Boo-o-m-m," ponderously came the voice of the screw-gun that had thrown the shell.

"Hurrah! the relief!" cheered Lutyens, his bared sword gleaming. "Give the hounds another volley!"

Down in the valley an English bugle was sounding the charge. "Ph-u-t-t, ph-u-t-t-ph-u-t-t!" a Gatling was chirruping, and "Boo-o-m-m!" a seven-pounder was chorusing. The advancing troops were volley firing, and the white mass of turbaned tribesmen was being rolled back like a war map.

Afzul's men had come too late—the stone wall stared at them stolidly; they broke; and fold on fold the Pathan mass was pushed back, and up through the pass they had come down from.

"Just in time, eh?" panted Teniers, as he galloped up to the detachment.

The relief was complete. It was useless to follow the Marris among the hills without cavalry.

I had gone up with the regiment, and Teniers told me all about the trouble. There was a ton of guilt on my soul; for if I had spoken, had told of the ownership of the ram, all this might have been averted. How was I to break it to the Colonel? I must tell him.

That night at dinner Lutyens suddenly broke in with, "Well, we had two ripping fights to-day."

"Was this the second attack?" queried Teniers.

"No, Nawaz Khan fought the first battle. We had a truce, and the fellows came down with a sheep built like a 'blue bull,' and he did up the Khan in fine shape."

"Why the thunder did they attack you this time, then, if they got the ram?" I asked.

"They didn't get him," said the Colonel simply in his squeaky voice. "We wouldn't give him up."

"Great Scott! sir," I exclaimed; "you've forever blasted the name of the British as true sportsmen. The fundamental principle, sir, governing all ram fights, from Calcutta to Cabul, is that the victor takes the beaten ram."

The Colonel's face turned ashy pale. That he had killed a score or more tribesmen was not the cause, for that had been a fair fight; but that he had done this thing was a disgrace—he saw that.

"More than that," I exclaimed, excited by what had been said, and seizing the opportunity, "the ram belonged to them in the first place. He was the pride of their tribe. Somebody looted him, probably the man who brought him into the regiment—Yusuf."

"How do you know that, sir?" gasped the Colonel.

I explained.

"What shall we do—what shall we do?" moaned the Colonel helplessly.

"Jove!" exclaimed Lutyens, "we must put this right. We can't have these beggars taking us for a lot of welchers. They fought game enough—and they were in the right, too."

As atonement I offered to find Afzul the next day and explain matters.

I did. Taking Teniers and a white flag, I followed up the tribesmen, and found Afzul. I explained it all.

We had trounced them, we were in force, and he realized that what I said must be true. No white man could have stolen the Khan—it must have been Yusuf.

He accompanied me back to the camp. The Khan was turned over to him, and a good indemnity paid for the dead tribesmen, for we were undoubtedly in the wrong.

"You may go through my country," said Afzul. "The fight was a good one."

WHEN THE REGIMENTS MARCH AWAY

By Frank L. Stanton

WHAT do the war-drums say
When the regiments march away
Under the old red, white and blue,
Whose blown stripes ripple "Farewell" to you—
To the tear-dimmed eyes and the hearts so true;
What do the war-drums say?

"Over the world away,
To the wrath and red o' the fray,
Go bayonets and blades
Of the gallant brigades,
From patriot-mothers and loved, fair maids;
Away! away! to the crimson fray;
And the boys will be back some day!"

What do the war-drums say
When the regiments march away
Where the trampled fields of the world are red
With the life-rain over the green turf shed,
And the drooped, torn flags enfold the dead—
What do the war-drums say?

"Under the crimson bars,
Under the storm-swept stars,
Far from the mothers and maids that weep
O'er the reddened harvest their hearts must reap,
In the love of their country they sleep—they sleep!
And away! away! to the crimson fray
And the boys will be back some day!"

So do the war-drums say
Where the swords are keen to slay.
But what of the life-blood that falls like dew?
"It has crimsoned the stripes of the flag for you,
And given the stars to its heaven of blue!"
So do the war-drums say.

Business Methods for Our Cities

MAYOR THOMAS GORDON HAYES, of Baltimore, and Mayor James Duval Phelan, of San Francisco, are attracting more interest from the students and friends of good municipal government than the executives of any other cities in the United States. It is not only due to the fact that they are both men of unusual force and capacity, but that they are inaugurating new city charters which contain many of the reforms for which good citizens have been fighting these many years. In each case the charter seeks to divorce absolutely the municipal affairs from all other politics. The municipal elections are on different dates from all other elections. There are other points of similarity between the two instruments.

The Baltimore Mayor has a four-year term at $6000 the year; the Second Branch of the City Council confirms the Mayor's appointments, and the president of this branch, who receives $3000 the year, fills the office of Mayor in case of absence or sickness of the Mayor. It requires a three-fourths vote to override the Mayor's veto. The business of the city is rigidly systematized, and all appropriations have to be passed upon by the Board of Estimates, which is composed of the heads of the main departments. The annual budget, when sent to the City Council, may be decreased, but it cannot be increased under the law. In every board or commission, minority representation is mandatory.

Mr. Hayes, the present Mayor, is between fifty and sixty years of age, and is one of the most distinguished lawyers of Maryland. He has served in the Legislature, where his vigorous independence won him reputation. He was a soldier in the Confederate war, and then a college professor, afterward studying law. His campaign last May was fought on reform lines, and he got a large share of the independent Republican vote.

The new San Francisco charter is one of the most radical ever adopted by an American city. It provides for civil service reform and economical government. The legislative body has power to raise money by taxation, but no authority to spend it, that power being reposed almost entirely in the boards appointed by the Mayor. The feature of the law, as in other recent charters, is in concentrating responsibilities in the Mayor, who has absolute powers of appointment and removal. One new feature is that on the petition of fifteen per cent. of the qualified electors any question may be submitted to the people.

Mayor Phelan is a capitalist, and is about thirty-nine years of age. He was a commissioner of the World's Fair, and was once president of the famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. He is now serving his third term as Mayor.

PHOTO BY BACHRACH BROS., BALTIMORE, MD.

MAYOR THOMAS G. HAYES, OF BALTIMORE

PUTTING A CITY ON A BUSINESS BASIS

By Thomas G. Hayes, Mayor of Baltimore

I HAVE been Mayor of Baltimore about three months. I was elected on the regular Democratic ticket over the regular nominee of the Republican party by a majority of about 9000 votes. Baltimore had been, for the four years preceding, under the administration of two Republican Mayors. In the speeches on the hustings before my election and in the inaugural address I promised to the people of Baltimore a business administration. I have tried thus far to keep, and I think I have succeeded in keeping, my promises.

After entering upon the duties of Mayor I made a careful examination of the list of municipal employees and found a number of unnecessary office-holders; I also discovered that the salaries of a number of the necessary employees was much more than was paid for similar service in private employment. With the coöperation of a most excellent City Council, I have succeeded in abolishing all the unnecessary offices, and reducing the salaries to the standard of pay for similar service in private employment.

I also promised to put the fire department of the city under the civil service system, so that every one employed in this department should in future be taken from an eligible list, prepared by an examining board, and that the terms and tenures of all these employees should be for life, efficiency and good behavior. Every man in this department was to know that the retention of his position was solely dependent upon good and faithful service, and that neither politics nor political service had anything whatever to do with his appointment or his retention in the public service. An ordinance has been framed since I became Mayor, and approved, placing the fire department, as above explained, on the merit system, and out of the reach of politics or politicians.

When I became Mayor the appropriation for the year 1900 was pending before the City Council, but not passed. The ordinance of estimates, as it is called, was critically examined by a committee of the City Council and myself, and we succeeded in reducing the annual budget for expenditures for this year nearly one-half million dollars. This reduction did not cripple the public service, but simply reduced, in the different municipal departments, unnecessary expenditures. This recital is given simply to show what a body of courageous and firm city officials may accomplish when they are determined to give a business administration to municipal affairs.

Politics can be eliminated from municipal government, as it should be, by firm and faithful executive and legislative municipal officials. If anybody denies this, I give the above accomplished facts in Baltimore's history to refute the denial. This is but the beginning in Baltimore toward a business administration. One result already accomplished is a reduction of taxes; we hope to reduce the taxes from two dollars in the hundred dollars to one dollar and seventy-five cents in the hundred.

It may be interesting to learn how these reforms have been accomplished. In my efforts I had to contend with the combined political influence of both parties, which were united in their opposition. This opposition tried to work under cover. I fortunately knew from my experience in public life the mode and manner of the workings of the professional politicians, and thereby was prepared to know and resist their attack. My vulnerable point was the City Council. To guard this body against the attempts and attacks of these enemies of the public welfare I personally took charge of, and made myself the sentry over, the legislative department of our city government, and to their credit the members of the City Council met the assault like true and brave men, and came off victorious.

There was another great advantage we had. My administration of Baltimore was the first under the new charter passed by the Legislature in 1898. This organic act, I may be permitted to say, although as a member of the Charter Commission I helped to write it, greatly aided us. It is the best legal enactment that ever emanated from a legislature for the government of large cities. We were enabled to get so admirable a City Council because this new charter took municipal elections away from National and State elections. This provision divorced, in a measure, politics from municipal elections, and both parties, in order to get the votes of the voters who vote for the best men, were forced to nominate their very best men.

Our municipal election in May, 1899, was fought on the issue of good municipal government, and the Democratic nominees got votes of Republicans and Independents because they thought their nominees were the best men. If the election had been held in November, party issues involved in the other candidates running for National or State offices would have been involved, and, irrespective of the fitness of the nominees, the party whip would have been used.

This party coercion was tried in our municipal election in May, but to no effect. If the good people of our large cities want their municipal government taken out of politics and run on business principles, they should divorce municipal elections from National and State elections, and send for a copy of the new charter of Baltimore and get their Legislature to pass its duplicate for the government of their own cities. I shall be glad to send a copy to any one.

I am determined, as Mayor, to continue my efforts in behalf of better methods in municipal government. I shall appoint the very best men to office, men who are truly in accord with my policy. They will be both Democrats and Republicans. No politics shall enter a single department if I can prevent it. The responsibility, by our new charter, is on me as Mayor, and I propose to exert my best efforts to wisely meet the responsibility and give to the people of my city a good municipal government.

I shall be always rigorously opposed by the professional politicians of both parties, but I have the hearty support of the best thinking people of my city. I feel confident I shall accomplish something toward improving municipal government. In pursuing this policy I am none the less a Democrat. I am attached to the principles of government as enunciated by the founders of my party, and I feel that I cannot serve my party better than by striving to give to the people a non-partisan business municipal government.

PHOTO BY THORP, SAN FRANCISCO

MAYOR JAMES D. PHELAN, OF SAN FRANCISCO

MAKING CORPORATIONS PAY TAXES

By James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco

THE street railway, electric light, gas and water companies for a long time escaped their just burden of taxation. They paid only on their tangible property, and hence was the anomalous condition of their stocks and bonds selling in the market for ten times as much as the sworn value of their property as returned by the assessor. When they desired rates fixed upon the valuation of their investment, they would insist upon the high valuation being accepted as the basis, and when they were called upon to make their statement to the assessor, they would challenge him to find any more property than was represented in plant and roadway.

Then our cities bethought themselves of franchise taxation, because the value of the franchise was manifestly the difference between the value of the plant and the selling price of the stocks and bonds on the market. A country assessor adopted this rule of determining values and the Supreme Court upheld it in the case of the City Gas Company vs. January (California Reports). The rule is that the value of the franchise for the purposes of taxation is the difference between the assessed value of the tangible property and the market price of the stocks and bonds of the corporation. Under this rule San Francisco added over $20,000,000 to its assessment roll last year.

The franchise to use the streets, in the matter of street railways, is practically an exclusive one. Without such a franchise the plant would be of no value whatever. Therefore the franchise becomes the essential and valuable asset of the company. By assessing the franchise according to this flexible rule there is nothing arbitrary in the valuation put upon it, because the stock market, with its fluctuations caused by competition or by increased earnings, fixes the value. If competition drives the company hard, its shares go down in price, and its assessment is correspondingly diminished; if the city grows, and the traffic on the road increases, the shares appreciate, and the company adds to the city's revenues. If the city regulates the car-fares, reducing them, or travel diminishes, the shares will go down, and the city loses in its revenues derived from franchise taxation, and gains by giving cheaper service to the people. The same is true of gas, electric light, water and telephone companies.

In California no exclusive franchise can be granted to a water or artificial lighting company—that is to say, any one filing a bond for the restoration of the street has a right granted by the Constitution of laying pipes and mains and conduits. We call this a Constitutional franchise. If there be no competition it is worth more, and if there be competition it is worth less, and the market determines its value from time to time. In California, and especially in San Francisco, the great corporations in the past have not paid their fair share of taxation, but now they are being put upon the same level with other property owners, and within a few years there will be a complete equalization of assessments.

The corporations have until recent years dominated every branch of the city government, but they have been overthrown in this city in several popular elections, and an endeavor will be made to overthrow their supremacy in the State. The State Board of Equalization, consisting of three members elected by districts, and the State Controller, assess the value of all railways operating in more than one county, and apportion to each county its share, according to the track mileage. This board is controlled by the railway corporations, and with increased mileage they have actually reduced assessed values, which are altogether out of proportion to the value of the stocks and bonds of the railway corporations. The people must control the Board of Equalization in order to apply the rule which I have described, and which is in vogue largely in cities and towns.

Another excellent effect of this rule is at once apparent: that it discourages the fictitious issuance of stocks and bonds, and prevents inflation. It has a tendency to preserve real values, which is a safeguard to the investing public as well as to patrons and consumers, and prevents jobbery and fraud in public utilities.

Three Hundred Thousand Miles with Henry Ward Beecher

By Major J. B. Pond

IN MANY a group of ministers in nearly every large city in this country have I seen Mr. Beecher standing as a father, giving and receiving blessings. When he left churches and halls where he had been preaching and lecturing, crowds always surged around him, accosting him in grateful words, asking to shake hands with him, and cheering him loudly as he drove away.

Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, Jews and Catholics, all mixed in the crowds and seemed equally anxious to do him honor.

In his private conversation his speech was as perfect in quality of thought, in richness of illustration, and in precision of statement as were his public utterances. This is true of only one other man that I have ever known, and that man, Wendell Phillips, was the least like him of all orators of his day. One could spend a day in converse with either of these men, then listen to the lecture or sermon, and feel that the conversation was fully equal, if not superior, to the speech. I am bound to say from our long and intimate acquaintance that I believe Mr. Beecher's best things have been said in private.

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN THE PULPIT

Perhaps nothing more significant of his sympathy with society at large can be shown than the promptness with which he accepted an offer of Chaplaincy by the Thirteenth Regiment of the National Guard, through its commander, Colonel Austen. In January, 1878, the tender was made and accepted.

As usual, Mr. Beecher's action was canvassed and criticised in Plymouth Church, whereupon at a Friday evening prayer-meeting he said: "I did not accept, as you may readily suppose, because I had nothing to do, and because I wanted to fill up vacant time. It was not because I had any special military gifts, or that any special military proclivities led me to delight in such position. I was as much surprised as any one could be when the request was made by Colonel Austen, and I was informed that it was the unanimous wish of the officers of the regiment that I should accept the place. The first impulse I felt on receiving the invitation was to say No, but the second impulse was in the nature of a query, whether there was not some duty there. The question was not exactly, 'Should you accept the place?' but rather, 'Why should you not accept it?'"

Mr. Beecher's presence was always the occasion of a warm reception along the entire line of march when the regiment paraded.

DRAWN BY F. C. YOHN

—as he stood almost alone on the forecastle deck, leaning on the rail, his well-known form attracted attention

A PAGE FROM MR. BEECHER'S FARM DIARY

His Peekskill home was his earthly paradise, and every laborer upon it, every animal, almost every insect, had its place in his heart; for that was the wonder of his greatness, that the smallest and the least shared his love and sympathy.

His delight in Nature was deep, continuous, and sometimes rapturous.

He kept a farm diary, which was picked up from among the rubbish after the family had moved away. It contained entries at different periods each summer, from the time he went to Peekskill until the autumn before his death. There were two books, bound in calf, full of entries in his own hand. It was a complete directory of the farm. Here are a few of the many hundred entries:

"June 12, 1867. Some pale maple leaves are already letting go. A few descended before my window this morning. One of them stuck into the grass stem first, and quivered in a way that would make you think it was a bird. This is the very beginning of summer, and before trees have fairly got on their summer robes they begin contribution to death.

"July 5. Bobolink sang to-day. Bluebirds, none. Robins, larks, wren, yet songful. Woodrobin, some.

"July 18, 1867. Woodthrush still vocal last night; heard it when on compound road; also in Killendgrass Wood. First new potatoes yesterday.

"July 26. Woodrobin still sings. Second brood on corner robins coming off. Rain thus far abundant.

"August 3. Vireo, song-sparrow, meadow-lark, house-wren. For two days robin song ceased. Woodthrush have not heard for two days. On twenty-ninth of July the last cut hay come again.

"August 6, 1867. Heard to-day the first yellow-hammer of the season, and also half a song of the robins, and only in snatches. Sparrow still sings. Wren silent. Sparrow yet quite vocal, and bluebirds flying in air give their soft and tender song.

"October 3, 1867. Yesterday was particularly full of birds that seem to be traveling through on their way south. Bluebirds lisped their gentle and most ladylike notes, robins flew in threes and fives, high in the air. Heard a yellow-hammer and meadow-lark sing. To-night no sound but the melodious cricket, whose gurgle is far more agreeable than the hard and grating sounds of katydid and locust.

"August 3, 1872. Robin silent for a week. Occasional note yet from woodthrush. Finches, sparrows and linnets vocal. Young brood of thrushes hatched and now flying near hickory trees. The robin is the most powerful of all singers; his voice leads all, and constitutes four-fifths of the sound in summer mornings.

"1881. After a faithful service of twenty-three years Thomas James Turner departed this life Wednesday, January 5, 1881, and was buried from my house, with service also in the Episcopal Church in Peekskill, where he had long been a communicant, and with Masonic honors, Saturday, January 8, 1881. He was, according to the measure of his gifts, an upright, faithful and trustworthy man, who served not for lucre. I should be glad to have his name associated with this place, upon which he lived from about the time I bought it, and who has had a hand in every step in improvements which made it what it is this day."

OUR UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND

In 1863 Mr. Beecher made a single speech in Great Britain—as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote—but it was delivered in piecemeal in different places. Its exordium was on the ninth of October, in Manchester; its peroration was pronounced on the twentieth of the same month in Exeter Hall, London. The public is more or less familiar with the result of that mission.

After a few months' absence he returned to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the Court of Versailles. He had no official existence; but through the heart of the people he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, and the throne itself. He whom the Times attacked, he whom Punch caricatured, was a power in the land. The change of the ruling classes in England, who were strong for the South, was at once manifest. As Mr. Scott, who introduced him in Exeter Hall, told me years later: "You should have been here to witness the effect of that speech as he swayed his enthusiastic audience hither and thither by his convincing arguments and appeal."

I was a soldier at that time, commanding a battalion of cavalry on the frontier of Southwestern Missouri, Kansas and the Indian country, but I read with eagerness of the great achievements of Mr. Beecher in England. We soldiers looked upon Beecher at home as Beecher in the field. He sharpened the swords, ran the bullets, and forged the cannon. His speeches read by the soldiers made Spartans out of the most timid. He inspired, encouraged and electrified as no one else could.

During all our travels and associations together in this country my anxiety and determination to have Mr. Beecher heard again in England became more and more intense. I never could get much encouragement until the spring of 1886, when, after much deliberation and urging by friends, he told me to go ahead. I immediately engaged passage from New York on Saturday morning, June 19. That eventful Friday evening prayer-meeting, the evening before Mr. and Mrs. Beecher sailed, both the lecture-room and auditorium were crowded. When the great overflow asked Mr. Beecher if they could not go into the auditorium, he replied: "No; this is our prayer-meeting room, where we have met on Friday evenings for forty years, and I do not feel like making this evening an exception." The overflow filled the main auditorium with members and friends waiting to say good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher.

HOW PLYMOUTH CHURCH SAW ITS PASTOR OFF

The ship left the wharf at six o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth, her decks crowded with passengers not yet aware of Mr. Beecher's presence; but as he stood almost alone on the forecastle deck, leaning on the rail, his well-known form attracted attention of people on the ferry-boats, and simultaneously the whistles of tugboats and other neighboring craft were sounded in salute.

Over a thousand Plymouth Church people had risen before the sun to pay a farewell tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher by an excursion down the harbor on the steamer Grand Republic.

Before we reached Liberty Island and slowed down, the Grand Republic came alongside, her throng of passengers crowded to the nearer guards, and sent up cheer after cheer.

We passed Sandy Hook at 10:30, and were soon out at sea, bound for England. We found on board baskets, bouquets and banks of flowers. Many friends had sent letters of farewell, and one had provided a basket of homing pigeons with instructions how to send the messages, what birds to fly first, and what others at two and three o'clock. Mr. Beecher wrote messages to his sons and to his friends in various parts of the country, fastened them to the birds according to directions, took the birds in his hands, playfully gave them a parting instruction, and let them fly. They reached their destination in due time.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE SECOND TRIP TO ENGLAND

On the next Saturday morning at daybreak we awoke off the Irish coast. There was a heavy fog. The fog-whistle was making a horrible din. We could hear voices in the distance, noises of life and commerce. Soon the fog lifted and we saw land. At six o'clock we reached Queenstown. Here many of our passengers disembarked, and here, with the Dublin morning papers, we got letters and telegrams, and countless invitations for Mr. Beecher to dine and to speak and lecture. We saw Gladstone announced to speak in Liverpool the following Monday and decided to remain and hear him. We received letters from Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker, Dr. Henry Allon, and a host of others of Mr. Beecher's clerical friends, inviting him to preach, and scores of applications from all parts of the Kingdom for lectures.

We landed in Liverpool at 7:30 in the evening, and were met by delegations from Bradford, Leeds, York, Carnarvon, Manchester, Edinburgh, Belfast, Dublin and other cities. Reporters from the London papers were also in waiting. My fondest dream was realized. And I want to tell something of that experience, because, under some strange journalistic influence, the American newspaper accounts of the trip rather left it to be inferred that there was some lack of success. But let us see.

We spent Sunday, the twenty-seventh, in Liverpool. Mr. Beecher had several invitations to preach, but was obliged to decline all since he had not regained his vigor lost in seasickness. He found his way to some church alone, and sat in a large congregation unrecognized for the first time since he was ordained a minister. In the afternoon many clergymen and many men active in politics called to pay their respects.

The first lecture in England took place in Exeter Hall, London, July 19. It was in the same hall that Mr. Beecher had spoken when last in England, during our American Civil War. I believe there was scarcely a clergyman or minister in the city of London who would have declined the honor to introduce Mr. Beecher on this occasion, but Mr. Beecher said to me on the morning of the lecture: "Pond, when I spoke here in 1863, having hard work to find some one to preside, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of Major Pond's papers on Henry Ward Beecher. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 27.

of London, volunteered his services. See if you can find him; I want him to take the chair to-night."

I did find him, still Chamberlain of the city. He very modestly referred me to others who he said would gladly preside, and would lend more honor to the occasion than he could. That would not do. I told him that he was Mr. Beecher's choice. He seemed highly complimented, and kindly consented to serve for the second time. The great hall was packed, and when Mr. Scott appeared, the memory of his earlier action still green, the burst of applause which greeted him grew as it continued, the audience finally rising, waving handkerchiefs and cheering.

Mr. Scott referred to the meeting in the hall twenty-three years before. He had never regretted occupying the position filled on that occasion. Now Mr. Beecher had honored him by asking him to be present again.

MR. BEECHER ON ANGLO-SAXON UNION

Mr. Scott sat down, and Mr. Beecher arose and was greeted with deafening applause. He stood silent and impassive, his face seemingly untouched by emotion, as he looked around upon the vast audience. As the applause died away he began to speak, but before he could make himself heard the applause was again repeated, with additional emphasis, if possible, and Mr. Beecher was obliged to wait for it to cease. Then, in a strong voice that reverberated around the hall, he recalled the previous meeting. "A long lapse of time in a man's life," he said, "and such lapses give solidity to a man's opinion; they also give sagacity."

He was not surprised at the view some people took of America; they did not know the facts. "America is the younger tree, but the acorn from which it sprang fell from the English oak. Americans are of English lineage and blood. If England is not proud of America, why, then the latter will make her so"—a remark which aroused much applause. The lecture—that one on the Reign of the Common People, which so many thousands of Americans have heard with pleasure (and no two audiences ever heard alike)—occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and was frequently interrupted by applause and cheers.

THE WELCOME OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Mr. Beecher preached his first sermon in London on Sunday, July 4, 1886, in City Temple, whose pastor was the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker. The congregation were admitted by ticket—church members first, then the public, to the capacity of the auditorium. Hundreds, and I may say thousands, came who had to be turned away. That week the religious and secular press teemed with praise for the great American preacher. Every daily paper in London had some kindly notice of him. It is not usual in England for the secular press to notice religious doings, especially those of dissenters, so called. Every denomination has its well-supported organ.

More generous criticism could not have been written than Mr. Beecher received at the hands of the secular and religious press. His sermon was published verbatim, with extended editorial comment.

Sunday, July 11, was an interesting day. Mr. Beecher preached in Union Chapel, Islington, London, for his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, the scholarly representative of the highest class of cultivated, well-educated Congregationalists. There was as great a congregation of intelligent people as I have ever seen. The usual system of first admitting members of the society by ticket was adopted exclusively up to a certain hour. Then the doors were thrown open to the public, and the large auditorium was immediately packed to its utmost capacity. As great a throng outside was unable to get in.

THE VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

After service, and dinner with Doctor and Mrs. Allon, Mr. Beecher and I, by invitation of Dean Bradley, visited Westminster Abbey, where a number of clergymen of the Church of England were gathered to meet him in the parlors of the Deanery. Tea was served, and the Dean invited Mr. Beecher through the various historical private rooms about the Abbey. Dean Stanley's library and desk were just as when he died. Incidents and anecdotes of their late friend were exchanged between the Dean and Mr. Beecher. The clergymen listened to the dialogue as though fearing to lose a word. As Mr. Beecher entered the Jerusalem Chamber he said:

"I am struck with awe. No room has greater interest to me, unless it be the 'Upper Room.'"

He recalled with remarkable rapidity and correctness the many religious events that had taken place there—the Westminster Assembly and Confession of Faith, the two revisions of the Bible, etc.—and the eminent and scholarly men brought up within the very gates of that sanctuary listened with intense interest to his eloquent exposition of what must have seemed their own peculiar province of history.

The affection and respect with which Mr. Beecher was greeted by English clergymen—those of the Establishment as well as Non-Conformists—was very marked.

The Dean of Canterbury said to Mr. Beecher himself:

"There is one thing, Mr. Beecher, for which we must all thank you, and that is for what you have taught us of the Fatherhood of God."

When Mr. Beecher went (in 1886) through England and Scotland he was hailed on every side by ministers who bore the most grateful testimony to the happy influence which his ministry had exercised upon their spiritual lives. Many of these men, too, had seen and heard him in America.

Doctor Howson, the Dean of Chester, and joint author with Conybeare of the scholarly and famous Life of St. Paul, came to Plymouth Church to see the man and hear the voice whose printed words had been so much to him. I accompanied him to Plymouth Church. We went home with Mr. Beecher, and they had a delightful time together; and on his return to England he sent one of his books in return for one Mr. Beecher had given him, inscribed, "For gold I give thee brass."

I must make a special allusion to the meeting with the theological students in City Temple on Friday morning, October 15. There were about 600 of the students to whom Mr. Beecher was to talk. The remaining seats in the Temple were set aside for ministers and clergymen of all denominations, college professors and visitors, who were admitted on presentation of their personal cards. These were taken up at the door at my request, and I now have the cards of 618 ministers, who, in addition to the students and professors, thronged the meeting, notwithstanding that the rain descended in torrents.

It was estimated by the pastor, Doctor Parker, that nearly 3000 people were present.

Never was Mr. Beecher more elevated in thought, more eloquent in expression, more tender in feeling; and never did I witness a multitude of earnest men more thoroughly filled with Christian joy than on this occasion.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten morning. The address was one of great power—suggestive, reminiscent, witty, full of wisdom and experience; but the great intellectual display came afterward, when he said he would try to answer any question put to him.

A TILT AT ARMS IN THE FIELD OF THEOLOGY

I imagine that of all people to ask uncomfortable and insoluble questions, the young theological student, freshly familiar with all the dogmatic niceties and doubts of the books, is the most troublesome, and Mr. Beecher, who always freely laid himself open by great breadth of statement, was an ideal target for their ingenuity. The first question keyed him up to the keenest enjoyment of the situation. For over half an hour he stood there, alert, excited, but never a more complete master of all his powers, and replied to the questions thrust at him from every side in rapid succession—questions of every conceivable sort, in theory, practice and speculation. His replies were invariably brief, and they came as quickly as a flash of lightning. It seemed as if you could see his mind flash. He was witty, sarcastic, subtle and humorous. His replies, commonly the very essence of common-sense, went to the mark like a bullet. Here is one question from the balcony that turned the laugh on the interlocutor very suddenly: "Mr. Beecher, I am a clergyman. May I beg to ask one question? I have simply to say how very grateful we should be if, as many of us are unable to hear you on Sunday morning, you could preach anywhere within our reach on Sunday evening."

Mr. Beecher, quick as a flash: "I shall be perfectly willing to preach in St. Paul's, or at Westminster, any hour."

"I mean in any chapel in London."

Mr. Beecher: "I am afraid I shall have to carry out my original purpose in that regard. I have been preaching in the chapels in London some time, and should like to try some of the larger buildings."

The last lecture of the tour had been delivered in Dublin. There was much handshaking; the people had got as thoroughly warmed as they dared. Mr. Beecher was jolly and happy as he extended his hand to the hesitating people gathered around him, seemingly wishing and hoping, but scarcely venturing, to approach him. "Come right along," he said; "this is my good-by shake. I am glad to see you."

We rode back to our hotel. To-morrow we would be on our way to America. Mrs. Beecher had supper waiting, and we had our small jokes and enjoyed ourselves. Never were three people more happy. Mr. Beecher reminded me that this was not the first time we had knocked off, a day at a time, a long lecture tour.

Between the fourth of July and the twenty-first of October, fifteen and a half weeks, Mr. Beecher had preached seventeen times, delivered nine public addresses and fifty-eight lectures. For the fifty-eight lectures he cleared the sum of $11,600 net of all expenses for himself and Mrs. Beecher from the day they sailed from New York, June 19, to the day they arrived at their home in Brooklyn, October 31. This was his summer vacation.

One had provided a basket of homing pigeons, with instructions how to send messages

Miss Terry's Matinée to the Blind

EVERY one knows that, as a class, the actors are a most kind-hearted folk. One of the latest incidents of this kind occurred during Miss Terry's recent engagement in Washington.

Like all other visitors who go to the National Capital, Miss Terry was taken to see the Congressional Library. While going through it she was shown into the Pavilion of the Blind. She was greatly interested at once; she went through the beautiful room, examining carefully the books which are printed in the raised characters, the typewriters which are made to write in the same manner, and the cards and games, and all the time questioning Miss Giffin as to what had been done and was doing for the blind. Miss Giffin, who has been the efficient superintendent of the department ever since it was established, explained in detail the plan of the department, and told her of the readings that are given there five afternoons each week, and at which some of the most distinguished people in Washington, resident and visiting, come to read to the blind; of the musicales which are given in the pavilion every Wednesday, and of the generosity of the street-car lines in providing free tickets.

"And I am in hopes," added Miss Giffin in conclusion, "that in time we may secure free sittings for them in the theatres, as is done for them now on the continent, where they can hear and enjoy the standard plays."

"But would they enjoy it?" asked Miss Terry, "when they could not see the acting?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Miss Giffin. "Perhaps you do not know it, but the loss of sight of the eyes is largely made up to those who are thus afflicted in the marvelous sight of the mind. Their imaginative powers are wonderful, and their keen minds picture all that they hear so vividly that I sometimes think they realize more fully what is going on about them than they would if they saw it with natural eyes."

"Well, then," said Miss Terry, "let us, you and I, inaugurate in this country the custom of sending the blind to the theatres. I will send you the tickets for as many as you think would care to go to hear me in The Amber Heart, Saturday afternoon, and then you can bring them."

On the next Friday the tickets were sent, according to the promise, and a happier party was never seen than were the twenty blind persons Miss Giffin took with her to the theatre the following day. Excellent seats had been reserved for them, and all during the play they listened with rapt attention. So acute were their ears that several times during the afternoon when Miss Terry turned her face toward them in speaking they would whisper excitedly to one another, "See! She is looking at us; she is saying that just to us!" When the play was over, at her invitation they gathered in one of the boxes and she came down to meet them. She sat down amongst them while each one lightly passed their skilful fingers over her face and called her their "Beautiful, beautiful Ellaline," and poured out their gratitude to her for what they declared was the happiest afternoon of their lives.

She was very much touched by the incident, and as she left them she assured them that they had been an inspiration to her and that she should never forget them. That she did not forget them was evident. She went from Washington to Baltimore, and two of the blind girls wrote her a letter, further expressing the gratitude which they felt to her. In a few days the following answer came to them in her own handwriting:

> "My Dears: I am so much gratified to hear that you liked The Amber Heart. Next time you must hear Sir Henry.
>
> "Miss Giffin did come to me here—and we had a lovely time together. Remember me to her affectionately, and also to Mr. Hutcheson and Mr. Washington Coleman. With love to you all, Yours always the same, Ellen Terry."

Below it she had written in point her name, which she underscored twice and added an exclamatory "There!"

MEN & WOMEN
Close-Range Studies

HERBERT PUTNAM

The Diplomacy of Herbert Putnam

In his brief but successful career as a public librarian, Herbert Putnam, the new Congressional Librarian, has faced three varied problems, of which he has mastered two and holds the solution of the third in his grasp. He established a public library in Minneapolis, popularized another one in Boston, and now in Washington he has begun to make the National Library as comprehensive and powerful an institution, so far as this country is concerned, as the British Museum is in Great Britain. One of the chief factors in Mr. Putnam's success is his tact. He has the rare ability of saying "no" without giving offense. In his intercourse with his employees as well as with the public he is the personification of placidity.

As an illustration of his tact the following story was told the other day by an intimate friend in New York:

When Mr. Putnam was the head of the Public Library in Boston a ward leader of that city called on him to recommend a henchman for a place in the library.

There was no reason why the librarian should not have refused at once and peremptorily to appoint him, but he chose to follow another course.

After a few minutes' talk with the politician, Mr. Putnam asked him whether he had ever been through all the departments of the institution.

"I never have, but I'd like to see it," replied the politician.

"It will give me much pleasure to go with you," said Mr. Putnam.

Mr. Putnam took him behind the counters and through the building from top to bottom, explaining the character and the magnitude of the work in detail. He further pointed out, without seeming to do so, the varied duties of the employees and the attainments they must possess to do the work. When the tour was ended, Mr. Putnam said:

"I'm pleased to have had a chance to show the library to you, and if your friend will fill out an application blank and send it, and if he passes the necessary examination, I think there will be no difficulty in placing his name on the waiting list."

The politician, however, had seen enough of library work to convince him that his constituent could find no place on the staff, and the blank was never filled out. But, to the day he left Boston, Mr. Putnam had no warmer admirer in that city than this same ward leader.

Mr. Putnam is still under thirty-nine. He is a native of New York and a graduate of Harvard. He is a member of the bar and he practiced law three years in Boston.

MRS. GRACE GALLATIN THOMPSON

Doctor Jenkins and Some of His Jokes

Dr. William T. Jenkins has been in public office in New York so many years that only the very oldest newspaper reporters remember the time he was not a deputy coroner or something higher on the official roll. The doctor is a brother-in-law of Richard Croker. In appearance he is rather short, florid, somewhat stout and mild-mannered, and more than almost any other official in Gotham he answers to the misused term, "genial." For many years, with few interruptions, the doctor has been Health Officer of the Port, and in that capacity has made himself the friend of every ship news reporter in the city—except one.

He lost this man's friendship through his fondness for practical jokes. The doctor is an inveterate wag. This reporter, who is now an influential editor, was, like all other beginners when he served his apprenticeship, down at Quarantine Station, on Staten Island. He was honest, simple-minded, credulous and industrious, and the other reporters had rare sport with him. At length the doctor took a hand. The tyro had already been led into writing such improbable items as "The California day boat has been driven ashore on Mosquito bar by a Jersey sand storm. No lives lost," and "The Peruvian bark Calisaya is four days overdue," and had been properly admonished by his city editor for his gullibility, but when the health officer one night told him gravely that he had "fumigated twelve thousand crates of molasses," he believed it, and wrote it, and was transferred on account of it.

It was years before the reporter had his turn, but it came, as all things do to him who waits. A Sunday newspaper hired him to furnish a column of personal gossip, and he led it off one day with a pleasant little item to the effect that "Doctor Jenkins was trying to buy a match for a three months' old black and white kitten, and was willing to pay five dollars for a perfect duplicate of his pet." The result can better be imagined than described. The reporter had paid back the debt with compound interest. And a month after this had appeared and Quarantine Station had quieted down, albeit there were many times more kittens there than ever before, the vengeful reporter wrote the following connection:

"The item about Doctor Jenkins and his kitten was an error. The genial doctor does not care for a kitten. It is a black and white puppy-dog that he wants, and he will pay ten dollars for any pup that suits him. Free ferriage to and from the Island for all persons having pups to sell."

Ernest Seton Thompson's Literary Partner

Mrs. Grace Gallatin Thompson, wife of Ernest Seton Thompson, the naturalist, painter, lecturer and author, has spent her winters, since her marriage, four years ago, in New York on the top floor of an old Fifth Avenue mansion, the lower floors of which are given over to piano warerooms and business offices. Here she has fitted up a studio and living rooms that are, in spite of their location, as dainty and secluded as if they were miles away. Every summer Mrs. Thompson spends several months with her husband in the Rockies. When they were married, Mrs. Thompson exacted a promise that every fourth summer should be spent in Europe, but so potent is the influence of the camp that they will return next summer in August to spend the rest of the season in the far West.

It is hard to say which is Mrs. Thompson's busiest time. In the summer she rides, studies and hunts with her husband. It should be explained that "hunting" does not refer to killing. No game is killed in the Thompson camp except for food. They do hunt, however, for rare specimens of furred and feathered forest dwellers, and they are remarkably successful in their quests.

In the winter Mrs. Thompson writes, draws and makes her husband's books. She directs the matter of letterpress display and the illustrations. When Mr. Thompson's first book was brought out, Mrs. Thompson's revolutionary ideas caused a conflict between her and the publishers over every page. She won each battle, however, and since that time she has had her own way, undisputed, for it is undeniably attractive and has been of great aid to her husband's success.

Early in their married career the story got abroad that Mrs. Thompson was a vegetarian, because of her husband's well-known antipathy to taking animal life needlessly, and once when they were the star guests at a fashionable Western hotel she had some difficulty in being served with meat. She got it after a while, as she has got most things she wanted, but she lost a part of the glamour that fame had built up around her.

EARLE H. EATON

Mr. Eaton's Subterranean Adventure

"The most exciting morning I ever spent," said Earle H. Eaton, Editor of the American Press Association, the other day, "was with a well-shooter. Few people know what a well-shooter is, so I don't mind saying that he is a professional who handles dynamite and other high explosives in wells and deep mines. The name, I am told, came from Pennsylvania, in the old oil days when trained operators renewed the life of wells by exploding heavy charges of dynamite or nitroglycerin at the bottom of the shaft.

"When I was invited to descend a deep salt mine at Piffard, New York, in the Warsaw salt district, in company with a well-shooter, I gladly accepted. Despite his dangerous vocation, he was a genial and even merry soul. We went down in a steel cage. It looked very nice on the outside, but the moment it started its plunge downward into darkness I found myself on my knees holding on to a convenient steel cross-bar. We descended one thousand feet, more or less, and then came to the salt formation where the rock salt is fifty or sixty feet thick. It is drilled by means of compressed air. The holes are charged with dynamite cartridges. These are connected by wires from a battery, and when the place is cleared the touch of a button brings forth an explosion which throws down carloads of salt. Upon my arrival the preparations for a blast were nearly complete, and Mr. Gallagher, the foreman, politely inquired, 'Do you prefer to go up out of the mine or stay here and stand a blow?'

"The question was so startling that I asked, 'Is it possible to stand the blow?'

"He answered nonchalantly, 'Yes, if you stand away from it thirty feet, get on your tiptoes, and keep your mouth wide open. If you don't it will break the drums of your ears and possibly start your nose to bleed.'

"Impelled by some mysterious curiosity, I made up my mind to stand the blow. The foreman placed me in a corner where I could not be hit by flying fragments. I stood on my toe tips and opened my mouth until I thought my jaws were dislocated.

"'I'll count three,' said the foreman, 'and then I'll touch her off. One—Keep your mouth open. Two—Keep your mouth open. Three.'

"Then came the queerest sensation I ever had. It was a roar alongside of which a cannonade is silence. It seemed as if the solid mine had suddenly come together and crushed me flat as a sheet of paper. Then the walls expanded and my body with them. The foreman said afterward that it was the air inside of me contracting and expanding, and I fancy he knew what he was talking about. It was a novel experience, but a very satisfying one, and never since then have I been inclined to accept an invitation to stand a blow in a salt mine."

Anna Gould's Professor of Feudal Law

Professor Isaac Franklin Russell, dean of the woman's law class of the University of New York, is a wit as well as a jurist and scholar. On one occasion a young woman in one of his classes said:

"The old common law seems to be full of contradictions."

"It is," replied the Professor. "For example, fee-tail has no end, and a fee-male cannot have any possible relation to a woman."

On another occasion a student asked: "In the old days the law favored the eldest son; nowadays, which of the family does the law favor?"

The Dean replied: "Why, the survivor, of course."

Professor Russell was one of the counsel who drew up the marriage settlements of Anna Gould and the Count de Castellane. By an odd coincidence, a year before, the bride was a student in his class, and was one of the best informed of the women upon feudal law and the legal status of Royalty and nobility. Probably no French noblewoman is better acquainted with her own legal rights, duties and liabilities than the millionaire American Countess.

OF THE HOUR of Contemporaries

Treed by the Wrong Dog

This is a story concerning Dr. F. S. Newcomer, of Indianapolis, a relative by marriage of General Harrison; of Alfred Freemont Potts, a well-known lawyer, of the Hoosier Capital; and of a newspaper reporter now living in New York. It is a true story.

Once upon a time Doctor Newcomer bought a prize English bulldog, fierce, ugly, forbidding, and disagreeable even to his closest friends. At night the Doctor turned him loose to keep tramps and burglars from his yard. The arrival of this brute was a matter of public interest, and the reporter wrote stories about him, exploiting his ferocity and his pedigree and even printed a picture of him. The reporter lived across the street from the Doctor, on a shady, quiet cross street lined with young trees protected by tree boxes from vandal horses.

One night, late, the reporter, coming home from his office, heard a deep, hoarse growl and a hurried scratching of gravel from across the street. Without waiting to interrogate, he climbed up a tree-box, and the same moment a dog hurled himself in the darkness against the foot of the same and gave utterance to a grewsome and blood-curdling bark.

"Good doggie," observed the reporter in conciliatory tones from his perch; "good doggie, nice doggie. That's a good old dog."

Then he made a step downward, at which the good old dog charged again on the tree-box and renewed his growl. This was repeated a number of times. At length the reporter tried a new tack. He appealed to the dog's sense of gratitude, and he spoke with the eloquence of despair.

"Do you think this is a fair deal?" he asked plaintively. "I've written you up. I've printed your picture. I have given you a name among Indianapolis dogs. I don't expect you to send me a check, but do you think it is right to keep me up in this tree box from three o'clock until daylight?"

The dog answered with a deeper, hoarser and fiercer growl than before. There was no pity in his soul, and the man in the tree shivered and waited with all the patience he could muster. After an hour of captivity and argument the captor indiscreetly strolled over to the gas lamp in front of the reporter's house. Whereupon the reporter came down and, walking up to the dog, kicked him until he ran yelping and whining across the street.

It was not Newcomer's dog at all, but an undersized, woolly mongrel belonging to Mr. Potts—a toothless family retainer that had acquired his hoarseness from a bad cold.

SARA ANDERSON

Sheriff Dunn's Palace in Ireland

Last fall's election in New York made an ex-Sheriff of Thomas Dunn, a millionaire contractor and one of the most popular office-holders in Gotham. Mr. Dunn is a self-made man. He came to New York from Ireland when he was young, and knew, from infancy, all there is to know about the practical side of poverty. He amassed his fortune in business before he went into politics. Among other things the ex-Sheriff is enthusiastically patriotic, and this trait almost led him into perpetrating a bull that probably would have become historic. When New York was preparing to welcome Admiral Dewey, Mr. Dunn arranged for a mammoth decoration many feet wide and many [illegible] yards long, flaming in color and bearing the inscription

"Welcome Home to Dewey."

This flaring sign he proposed displaying on the Sheriff's official residence, which happens to be the Ludlow Street jail. But wise counsel prevailed, and the sign was shown elsewhere.

During the campaign when Mr. Dunn was elected he was invited by some friends to dine with Judge P. Henry Dugro, the millionaire owner of the Savoy Hotel, where the Infanta Eulalie was entertained during her visit to New York. The Judge, who is something of a wag, and having in mind the early poverty of Mr. Dunn, thought with his friends to dazzle him with the splendor of this dining-room, which is really a very gorgeous affair and is used only on state occasions. So the apartment was specially decorated and made more than ordinarily brilliant. After the party had assembled, the [illegible] led Mr. Dunn around the room, pointing out the rare pictures and the onyx mantels. He did this rather patronizingly, as had been agreed between himself and the other guests, and therefore he was not surprised when Mr. Dunn sighed deeply.

"What's the matter, Tom?" he asked, "anything wrong?"

"No," replied the politician sadly, "only this sort of thing makes me lonesome."

"Lonesome?" echoed the conspirators.

"Yes. It reminds me so much of my mother's place in ould Ireland."

Miss Anderson's First Song

Sara Anderson, the oratorio singer who achieved lasting fame at the great Worcester festival of 1898, contemplates giving up the concert for the operatic stage and will probably make the change after the close of her concert season in London next summer. Miss Anderson comes of a musical family. Her mother is Mrs. Sara Barron Anderson, once the famous contralto of Doctor Paxton's church. Her father and her sister are also proficient musicians, and their home in New York is a favorite resort for local and visiting singers and composers.

A close friend of the family is authority for the following story of the manner in which Miss Anderson began her musical career: When she was less than twelve years old she heard her mother sing a lullaby in her parlor at an entertainment. The next day she surprised her family by singing the song precisely as she had heard it, although it was a difficult composition. So true was her memory that she did not make a mistake in a single note.

The next week she began music lessons, and so carefully was she trained and so little publicity attended her efforts that when she appeared at Worcester she was wholly unknown to the metropolitan critics. Since then her advancement has been remarkably rapid. She was the leading star at the Cincinnati festival last summer.

A Filipino Tartar

Lieutenant Colonel H. H. Sargeant, U. S. A., before the late conflict with Spain won literary laurels by two scholarly volumes on the campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte. During that war he had but little opportunity to take part in battle, his duties being to organize and drill the volunteers at the mobilization camps, and, after August, to look after engineering and sanitary matters at Santiago de Cuba. Early last year he was sent to the Philippines, where he has had his full share of the hardest campaigning. He was under the immediate command of Lawton at the battle of San Mateo and was being praised by General Lawton for his gallantry when that officer fell, pierced by a hostile bullet.

Colonel Sargeant tells many enjoyable war stories. Once when instructing some men, he asked, "When you are on the skirmish line, and suddenly encounter the enemy, what would you do?"

"Fall flat." "And what next?" "Stay there."

On another occasion he was questioning a man respecting his absence for six hours.

"I was chasing a Filipino all he."

"How about the other five hours?"

"The Filipino and his friends were chasing me, sir."

Buffalo Bill's Clever Daughter

Mrs. H. S. Boal, one of the best-known women of Wyoming, enjoys the double distinction of being the daughter of Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," and of residing in a community whose legal title is "B. X. Ranch, Slack Wyoming." No one can tell more interesting stories of her distinguished father, and not even her father has been more pestered with questions by foolish or inquisitive people. Among some of the startling queries which have been put to her are these:

"I suppose you have a very large collection of Indian scalps?"

"Have you ever been scalped yourself?"

"Do you keep buffaloes as domestic pets?"

Once, on the ranch while she was entertaining a foreign stranger, her father rode by and she said: "There goes Colonel Cody now."

The man looked at the horseman long and anxiously.

"Are you sure about it?"

"Certainly; I know him very well indeed."

"Well, I declare, I was never so surprised in my life. Why that man is a gentleman, and not an Indian at all."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS

The Attorney-General as a Prophet

Attorney General Griggs is credited with making a reputation for sound advice and clear thought quicker than almost any other man connected with the present Administration. It was as the friend of the late Vice President that Governor Griggs, of New Jersey, entered into national life. His selection was not generally discussed in advance and his appointment quickly followed his choice. He came into the Cabinet as the Spanish war clouds were preparing to break. At this crisis he was one of the most trustworthy of President McKinley's advisers.

A New York newspaper man, high in the President's councils, tells the following hitherto unwritten story of the Attorney General's early foresight as to the results of the war. It was at a small dinner given by Senator Hanna in his private rooms at the Arlington. The guests were Secretaries Bliss and Alger, Mr. Griggs and the newspaper man. The Maine had been blown up and the report of the Investigating Board was nearly completed, and the newspapers were full of excitement.

"We are certain to have war," remarked one of the party contentiously.

This statement was not disputed and the diners proceeded to discuss the merits of the controversy with Spain unreservedly. All agreed that war was not only inevitable, but that this country was fully justified in any action it might take.

There was no doubt either as to the result of the conflict, although no one prophesied the speedy victory for American arms that ensued.

While the statesmen were outlining with more or less enthusiasm the plan of action which was so soon to be realized, Mr. Griggs remained silent.

"What do you think, General?" asked one of the Secretaries.

"There is no doubt that we will win if ever we enter into a war with Spain," replied the Attorney General. "I agree with what has been said in that matter, but our chief troubles will not begin until after peace is declared. After Spain has been defeated, then the responsibilities of the United States will begin and they will not be so easily disposed of." These words made a deep impression.

At that time the present complication in the Philippines was not thought of. Cuba and Puerto Rico were the only Spanish colonies discussed. But fewer prophecies of two years have been fulfilled more completely and in shorter time than that of the new Attorney General.

MRS. H. S. BOAL

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—Harris, George and the author—are touring Germany awheel, a tandem and a safety being their mounts. After many vicissitudes, and adventures with policemen, shopkeepers and street sprinklers, they reach Baden in good order

The Ways of the German Dog

FROM Baden, about which it need only be said that it is a pleasure resort singularly like other pleasure resorts of the same description, we started bicycling in earnest. We planned a ten-days' tour which, while completing the Black Forest, should include a spin down the Donau Thal, which, for the twenty miles from Tuttlingen to Sigmaringen, is, perhaps, the finest valley in all Germany. The Danube stream here winds its narrow way past old world, unspoiled villages; past ancient monasteries, nestling in green pastures, where still the barefooted and bareheaded friar, his rope girdle tight about his loins, shepherds, with crook in hand, his sheep upon the hillsides; through rocky woods; between sheer walls of cliff, whose every towering crag stands crowned with ruined fortress, church or castle; together with a *blick* at the Vosges Mountains, where half the population is bitterly pained if you speak to them in French, the other half being insulted when you address them in German, and the whole indignantly contemptuous at the first sound of English—a state of things that renders conversation with the stranger somewhat nervous work

We did not succeed in carrying out our program in its entirety, for the reason that human performance lags ever behind human intention. It is easy to say and believe at three o'clock in the afternoon that "We will rise at five, breakfast lightly at half past, and start away at six."

"Then we shall be well on our way before the heat of the day sets in," remarks one

"This time of the year, the early morning is really the best part of the day. Don't you think so?" adds another

"Oh, undoubtedly

"So cool and fresh."

"And the half lights are so exquisite"

The first morning one maintains one's vows. The party assembles at half past five. It is very silent; individually somewhat snappy; inclined to grumble with its food; also with most other things; the atmosphere charged with compressed irritability, seeking its vent. In the evening the Tempter's voice is heard

"I think if we got off by half past six, sharp, that would be time enough."

The voice of Virtue protests faintly: "It will be breaking our resolution"

Then Tempter replies: "Resolutions were made for man, not man for resolutions. Besides, it is disturbing the whole hotel; think of the poor servants

The voice of Virtue continues, but even feebler: "But everybody gets up early in these parts"

"They would not if they were not obliged to, poor things. Say breakfast at half-past six, punctual; that will be disturbing nobody

Thus Sin masquerades under the guise of Good, and one sleeps till six, explaining to one's conscience, who, however, doesn't believe it, that one does this because of unselfish consideration for others. I have known such consideration to extend until seven of the clock

Likewise distance measured with a pair of compasses is not precisely the same as when measured by the leg

Ten miles an hour for seven hours, seventy miles. A long, easy day's work"

"There are some stiff hills to climb"

"The other side to come down. Say eight miles an hour, and call it sixty miles. If we can't average eight miles an hour we had better go in bath chairs." It does seem somewhat impossible to do less, on paper

But at four o'clock in the afternoon the voice of Duty rings less trumpet-toned

"Well, I suppose we ought to be getting on."

"Oh, there's no hurry; don't fuss. Lovely view from here, isn't it?

Very. Don't forget that we are twenty five miles from St. Blasien."

"How far?"

"Twenty-five miles; a little over, if anything

"Do you mean we have only come thirty five miles?"

"That's all."

"Nonsense. I don't believe that map of yours."

"It is impossible, you know. We have been riding steadily ever since the first thing this morning."

"No, we haven't. We didn't get away till eight, to begin with"

"Quarter to eight."

"Well, quarter to eight; and every half dozen miles we have stopped."

"We have only stopped to look at the view It's no good coming to see a country and then not seeing it

"And we have had to pull up some stiff hills."

"Besides, it has been an exceptionally hot day"

"Well, don't forget St. Blasien is twenty-five miles off, that's all."

"Any more hills?"

"Yes, two, up and down."

"I thought you said it was down hill into St. Blasien?"

"So it is for the last ten miles. We are twenty five miles from St. Blasien here."

"Isn't there anywhere between here and St. Blasien? What's that little place there on the lake?"

"It isn't St Blasien, or anywhere near it. There's a danger in beginning that sort of thing."

"There's a danger in overworking one's self. One should study moderation in all things. Pretty little place, that Titisee, according to the map; looks as if there would be good air there."

"All right, I'm agreeable. It was you fellows suggested our making for St. Blasien."

"Oh, I'm not so keen on St Blasien—poky little place, down in a valley. This Titisee, I should say, was ever so much nicer."

"Quite near, isn't it?"

"Five miles.

General chorus "We'll stop at Titisee"

George made discovery of this difference between theory and practice on the very first day of our ride.

"I thought," said George—he was riding the single, Harris and I being a little ahead on the tandem—"that the idea was to train up the hills, and ride down them."

"So it is," answered Harris, "as a general rule. But the trains don't go up *every* hill in the Black Forest"

Somehow I felt a suspicion that they wouldn't," growled George, and for a while silence reigned

"Besides," remarked Harris who had evidently been ruminating the subject, "you would not wish to have nothing but down-hill, surely. It would not be playing the game. One must take a little rough with one's smooth."

Again there returned silence, broken this time by George

Don't you two fellows overexert yourselves merely on my account," said George

"How so?" asked Harris

"I mean," answered George, "that where a train does happen to be going up these hills, don't you put aside the idea of taking it for fear of outraging my finer feelings. Personally, I am prepared to go up all these hills in a railway train, even if it's not playing the game. I'll square the thing with my conscience; I've been up at seven every day for a week now, and I calculate it owes me a bit. Don't you consider me in the matter at all."

We promised to bear this in mind, and I again the ride continued in dogged dumbness, until it was again broken by George

"What bicycle did you say this was of yours?" asked George

Harris told him. I forget of what particular manufacture it happened to be; it is immaterial

Are you sure?" persisted George

"Of course I'm sure," answered Harris "Why, what's the matter with it?"

"Well, it doesn't come up to the poster," said George, "that's all"

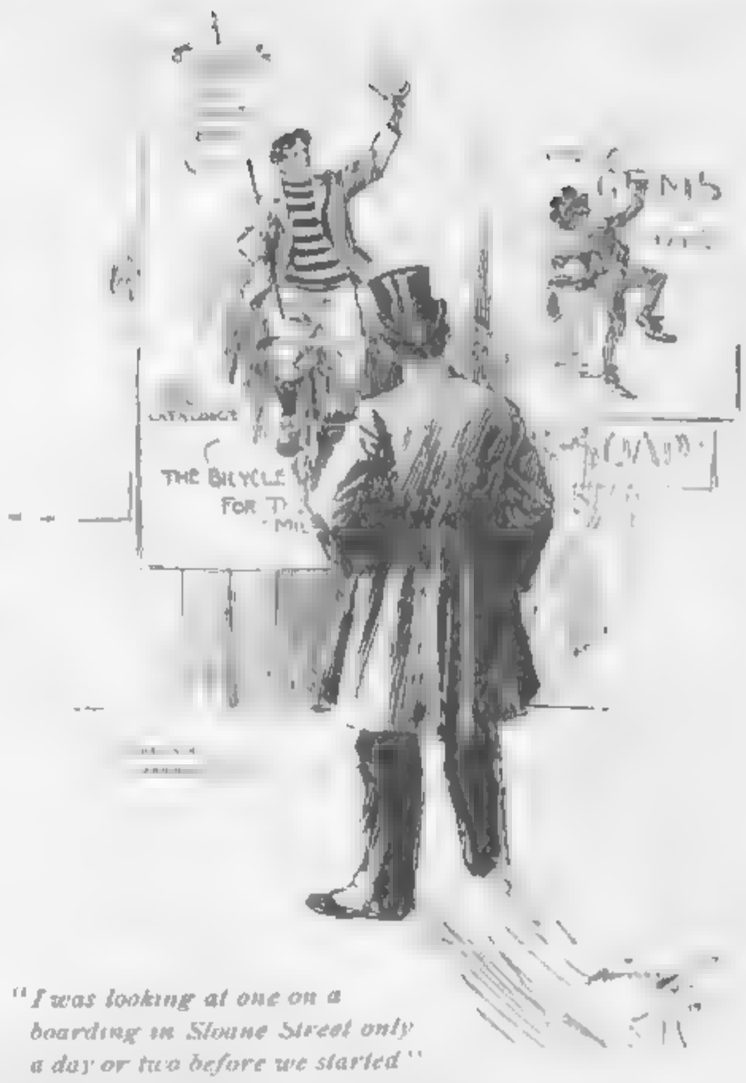
"What poster?" asked Harris

"The poster advertising this particular brand of cycle," explained George. "I was looking at one on a boarding in Sloane Street only a day or two before we started. A man was riding this make of machine—a man with a banner in his hand; he wasn't doing any work, that was as clear as daylight; he was just sitting on the thing and drinking in the air. The bicycle was going of its own accord, and going well. This thing of yours leaves all the work to me. It is a lazy brute of a machine; if you don't shove, it simply does nothing. I should complain about it if I were you."

When one comes to think of it, few bicycles do realize the poster. On only one poster that I can recollect have I seen the rider represented as doing any work. But then, this man was being pursued by a bull. In ordinary cases the object of the artist is to convince the hesitating neophyte that the sport of bicycling consists in sitting on a luxurious saddle and being moved rapidly in the direction you wish to go by unseen Heavenly powers

Generally speaking, the rider is a lady, and then one feels that, for perfect bodily rest combined with entire freedom from mental anxiety, slumber upon a water-bed cannot compare with bicycle riding upon a hilly road. No fairy traveling on a summer cloud could take things more easily than does the bicycle girl, according to the poster Her costume for cycling in hot weather is ideal. Old fashioned landladies might refuse her lunch, it is true, and a narrow-minded police force might desire to secure her and wrap her in a rug preliminary to summoning her. But such she heeds not. Up hill and down hill, through traffic that might tax the ingenuity of a cat, over road surfaces calculated to break the average steam-roller she passes, a vision of idle loveliness; her fair hair streaming to the wind, her sylphlike form poised airily, one foot upon the saddle, the other resting lightly upon the lamp. Sometimes she condescends to sit down on the saddle; then she puts her feet upon the rests, lights a cigarette, and waves above her head a Chinese lantern

Less often, it is a mere male thing that rides the machine He is not so accomplished an acrobat as is the lady, but simple tricks, such as standing on the saddle and waving flags, drinking beer or beef tea while riding, he can and does



"I was looking at one on a boarding in Sloane Street only a day or two before we started"

"DON'T YOU TWO FELLOWS OVEREXERT YOURSELVES MERELY ON MY ACCOUNT," SAID GEORGE

Editor's Note Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

perform; something, one supposes, he must do to occupy his mind. Sitting still hour after hour on this machine, having no work to do, nothing to think about, must pall upon any man of active temperament. Thus it is that we see him rising on his pedals, as he nears the top of some high hill, to apostrophize the sun or address poetry to the surrounding scenery.

Occasionally the poster pictures a pair of cyclists; and then one grasps the fact how much superior for purposes of flirtation is the modern bicycle to the old fashioned parlor or the played-out garden gate. He and she mount their bicycles, being careful, of course, that they are of the right make. After that they have nothing to think about but the old sweet tale. Down shady lanes, through busy towns on market days, merrily roll the wheels of the "Bermondsey Company's Bottom Bracket Britain's Best," or of the "Camberwell Company's Jointless Eureka." They need no pedaling; they require no guiding. Give them their heads, and tell them what time you want to get home, and that is all they ask. While Edwin leans from his saddle to whisper the dear old nothings in Angelina's ear, while Angelina's face, to hide its blushes, is turned toward the horizon at the back, the magic bicycles pursue their even course.

■

And the sun is always shining, and the roads are always dry. No stern parent rides behind, no interfering aunt beside, no demon small-boy brother is peeping around the corner; there never comes a skid. Ah, me! Why were there no "Britain's Best" nor "Camberwell Eurekas" to be hired when we were young?

Or, maybe, the "Britain's Best" or the "Camberwell Eureka" stands leaning against a gate; maybe it is tired. It has worked hard all the afternoon, carrying these young people. Mercifully minded, they have dismounted, to give the machine a rest. They sit upon the grass beneath the shade of graceful boughs; it is long and dry grass. A stream flows by their feet. All is idleness and peace.

That is ever the idea the cycle poster artist sets himself to convey—idleness and peace.

But I am wrong in saying that no cyclist, according to the poster, ever works. Now I come to reflect, I have seen posters representing gentlemen on cycles working very hard—overworking themselves, one might almost say. They are thin and haggard with the toil, the perspiration stands upon their brow in beads; you feel that if there is another hill beyond the poster they must either get off or die. But this is the result of their own folly. This happens because they will persist in riding a machine of an inferior make. Were they riding a "Putney Popular" or "Battersea Bounder," such as the sensible young man in the centre of the poster rides, then all this unnecessary labor would be saved to them. Then all required of them would be, as in gratitude bound, to look happy; perhaps occasionally to back-pedal a little when the machine in its youthful buoyancy loses its head for a moment and dashes on too swiftly.

You tired young men, sitting dejectedly on milestones, too spent to heed the steady rain that soaks you through; you weary maidens, with the straight, damp hair, anxious about the time, longing to swear, not knowing how; you stout, bald men, vanishing visibly as you pant and grunt along the endless road, you purple, dejected matrons, plying with pain the slow, unwilling wheel—why did you not see to it that you bought a "Britain's Best" or a "Camberwell Eureka"? Why are these bicycles of inferior make so prevalent throughout the land?

Or is it with bicycling as with all other things?—does life at no point realize the poster?

■

The one thing in Germany that never fails to charm and fascinate me is the German dog. In England one grows tired of the old breeds, one knows them all so well: the mastiff, the plum pudding dog, the terrier (black, white or rough haired, as the case may be, but always quarrelsome), the collie, the bull dog; never anything new. Now, in Germany you get variety. You come across dogs the like of which you have never seen before; that until you hear them bark you do not know are dogs. It is all so fresh, so interesting. George stopped a dog in Sigmaringen, and drew our attention to it. It suggested a cross between a codfish and a poodle. I would not like to be positive it was *not* a cross between a codfish and a poodle. Harris tried to photograph it, but it ran up a fence and disappeared through some bushes.

I do not know what the German breeder's idea is; at present he retains his secret. George suggests he is aiming at a griffin. There is much to bear out this theory; and indeed, in one or two cases I have come across, success on these lines would seem to have been almost achieved. Yet I cannot bring myself to believe that such are anything more than mere accidents. The German mind is practical, and I fail to see the object of a griffin. If mere quaintness of design be desired, is there not already the dachshund? What more is needed? Besides, about a house, a griffin would be so inconvenient; people would be continually treading on its tail. My idea is that the Germans are trying for a mermaid, which they will then train to catch fish.

For your German does not encourage laziness in any living thing. He likes to see his dogs work, and the German dog loves work; of that there can be no doubt. The life of the English dog must be a misery to him. Imagine a strong, active and intelligent being, of exceptionally energetic temperament, condemned to spend twenty-four hours a day in absolute idleness! How would you like it yourself? No wonder he feels misunderstood, yearns for the unattainable, and gets himself into trouble generally.

Now the German dog, on the other hand, has plenty to occupy his mind. He is busy and important. Watch him as he walks along harnessed to his milk cart. No churchwarden at collection time could feel or look more pleased with himself. He does not do any real work; the human being does the pushing, he does the barking; that is his idea of division of labor. What he says to himself is:

"The old man can't bark, but he can shove. Very well."

The interest and the pride he takes in the business are quite beautiful to see. Another dog passing by makes, maybe, some jeering remark, casting discredit upon the creaminess of the milk. He stops suddenly, quite regardless of the traffic.

■

"I beg your pardon, what was that you said about our milk?"

"I said nothing about your milk," retorts the other dog in a tone of gentle innocence; "I merely said it was a fine day, and asked the price of chalk."

"Oh, you asked the price of chalk, did you? Would you like to know?"

"Yes, thanks; somehow I thought you could tell me."

"You are quite right; I can. It's worth——"

"Oh, do come along," says the old lady, who is tired and hot, and anxious to finish her round.

"Yes, but hang it all, did you hear what he hinted about our milk?"

"Oh, never mind him. There's a tram coming around the corner; we shall all get run over."

"Yes, but I do mind him; one has one's proper pride. He asked the price of chalk, and he's going to know it! It's worth just twenty times as much——"

—and, standing one each side of the poor beast, they both abused it

"You'll have the whole thing over, I know you will," cries the old lady pathetically, struggling with all her feeble strength to haul him back. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! I do wish I had left you at home."

The tram is bearing down upon them; a cab driver is shouting at them; another huge brute, hoping to be in time to take a hand, is dragging a bread cart, followed by a screaming child, across the road from the opposite side; a small crowd is collecting; and a policeman is hastening to the scene.

"It's worth," says the milk dog, "just twenty times as much as you'll be worth before I've done with you."

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

"Yes, I do, you grandson of a French spaniel, you fried fish-eating ——"

"There! I knew you'd have it over," says the poor milkwoman. "I told him he'd have it over."

■

But he is busy and heeds her not. Five minutes later, when the traffic is renewed, when the bread girl has collected her muddy rolls, and the policeman has gone off with the name and address of everybody in the street, he consents to look behind him.

"It *is* a bit of an upset," he admits; then, shaking himself free of care, he adds cheerfully: "But I guess I taught him the price of chalk. He won't interfere with us again, I'm thinking."

"I'm sure I hope not," says the old lady, regarding dejectedly the milky road.

But his favorite sport is to wait at the top of the hill for another dog, and then race down. On these occasions the chief occupation of the other fellow is to run about behind, picking up the scattered articles, loaves, cabbages or shirts, as they are jerked out. At the bottom of the hill he stops and waits for his friend.

"Good race, wasn't it?" he remarks, panting, as the Human comes up, laden to the chin. "I believe I'd have won it, too, if it hadn't been for that fool of a small boy. He was right in my way just as I turned the corner. *You noticed him?* Wish *I* had, beastly brat! What's he yelling like that for? *Because I knocked him down and ran over him?* Well, why didn't he get out of the way? It's disgraceful, the way people leave their children about for other *creatures* to tumble over. Halloo! did all those things come out? You couldn't have packed them very carefully, you should see to a thing like that. *You did not dream of my tearing down the hill, twenty miles an hour?* ... know me better than to expect I'd let that old Schneider's dog pass me without an effort. But there, you never think. You're sure you've got them all? *You believe so?* I shouldn't 'believe,' if I were you; I should run back up the hill again and make sure. *You feel too tired?* Oh, all right; don't blame me if anything is missing, that's all."

■

He is so self-willed. He is cock sure that the correct turning is the second on the right, and nothing will persuade him that it is the third. He is positive he can get across the road in time, and will not be convinced until he sees the cart smashed up. Then he is very apologetic, it is true. But of what use is that? As he is usually the size and strength of a young bull, and his human companion is generally a weak kneed old man or woman, or a small child, he has his way. The greatest punishment his proprietor can inflict upon him is to leave him at home, and take the cart out alone. But your German is too kind hearted to do this often.

That he is harnessed to the cart for anybody's pleasure but his own it is impossible to believe; and I am confident that the German peasant plans the tiny harness and fashions the little cart purely with the hope of gratifying his dog. In other countries—in Belgium, Holland and France—I have seen these draught dogs ill treated and overworked; but in Germany, never. Germans abuse animals shockingly. I have seen a German stand in front of his horse and call it every name he could lay his tongue to. But the horse, like the husband of King Alfred's hostess, was evidently used to it, and did not mind. I have seen a German, weary with abusing his horse, call to his wife to come out and assist him. When she came he told her what the horse had done. Maybe, carried away by his passion, he exaggerated, making the animal out worse than it really was. However this as it may, the recital roused the woman's temper to almost equal heat with his own; and, standing one each side of the poor beast, they both abused it. They abused its dead mother, they insulted its father; they made cutting remarks about its personal appearance, its intelligence, its moral sense, its general ability as a horse. The animal bore the torrent with exemplary patience for a while; then it did the best thing possible to do under the circumstances. Without losing its own temper, without replying a word, it moved quietly away. The lady returned to her washing, and the man followed the horse up the street, still abusing it.

■

A kinder-hearted people than the Germans there is no need for. Cruelty to animal or child is a thing almost unknown in the land. The whip with them is a musical instrument; its crack is heard from morning to night, but a coachman that in the streets of Dresden I once saw use one was very nearly lynched by the indignant crowd. Germany is the only country in Europe where the traveler can settle himself comfortably in his hired carriage, confident that his gentle, willing friend between the shafts will be neither overworked nor cruelly treated.

■

Shanks and the Civil War Censors

OF THE great journalists of the Civil War period, one of the few survivors is William F. G. Shanks, who for many years was an editor of the New York Tribune. During the conflict he won high distinction by the ingenious method whereby he outwitted some of the Generals in command. An order had been issued which practically prohibited the sending home of any news, excepting what met the approval of some young officers who had been appointed censors.

Every paper suffered immediately with the exception of the Tribune. Day after day it published the news in full to the surprise and wrath of the Generals. They made an investigation, but without results. Shanks' letters were studied and examined to see if he used invisible ink or verbal cryptograms. All were alike in containing few facts and many remarks about remittances, accounts, cashier's mistakes and other private monetary matters.

Yet every letter contained the news and it was conveyed in the sentences which spoke about the correspondent's finances. He had foreseen the emergency and made a code which covered nearly every possible military movement.

"Last week's pay received" meant "the army will move forward," "send me fifty dollars," "the enemy are being reenforced," and so forth. So skillfully was it done that a sympathetic censor offered to lend the correspondent enough money for his wants until a remittance arrived.

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American Crudity

GIVE the American an inch, if you would see him begin at once the conquest of the yardstick. We are an enterprising people, a successful people, enormously acquisitive and ruthlessly sincere; but it is not accurate to call us ungenerous; nor are we crude.

To be sure, a certain class of Americans, taking the cue from alien critics, keep themselves busy telling us how refined Europe is, and how boorish America is; but what criterion do they apply in making up their estimate of our standing? Measured by the European standard, we may be lacking; it would be strange were our civilization of the same structure, substance and dimensions as that of the Old World. It does not follow, however, that because society in New York or Kalamazoo is different from society in Paris or Florence, it is necessarily crude. Why not measure Europe by the American tape line? By doing this we could at least preserve our self-respect. Europe has age and experience on its side of the line; but age and experience do not always conserve grace, symmetry, strength, the three elements of excellence in form; nor does it, as a rule, happen that years and the wear and tear of exertion leave in the spiritual countenance the fine debonair expression of a triumphant and intelligent youth. Montaigne observed that age "fixed more furrows in the soul than in the face."

By what standard of excellence is France, for example, found superior to America? We need not be ill tempered and suggest the Dreyfus incident as prohibiting comparison; but certainly those who are constantly decrying our social and political status out of one corner of their mouths, while out of the other they blow endless praise of foreign culture, refinement and *savoir faire*, will acknowledge the impossibility of a Dreyfus horror in an American court. A rope is no stronger than its weakest point, and the administration of justice ought not to be the weak point in a high civilization.

We have our lynchings, but it would be a weak judge of American life who could conclude that the unlawful hanging of a felon by a rural mob is as significant here as is the fact in France of a citizen's fortifying his house and for weeks defying the whole government. The meaning lies much [illegible] than mere political organization can reach. It belongs to breeding, to generations of men and women educated by unsound example, by insincere moral, domestic, religious and political teaching, and informed by influences generated in decaying public honor and private virtue.

What the phrase "high culture" ought to mean exists in America more generally and evenly distributed than in any other country in the world. Some of us may not pay due attention to the silk tile; we may sometimes even wear a swallow-tailed coat in broad daylight; but a polygamist cannot sit with us in Congress, and we know the difference between lying and diplomacy. Moreover, we are not vulgarly revengeful. The Paris Exposition will not suffer on account of the bitter things said of us by Frenchmen and French journals during our war with Spain. *Noblesse oblige*; we wish our friends of the Old World great success; especially do we wish long life and great reforms to the Republic of France.

High culture is sound culture, and may exist without much knowledge of, or particular respect for, mere conventional superficialities. The culture which has counted for most in American life is the practical education of the masses in moral government. It begins in the home, where domestic purity flourishes; it goes on through school; it passes into the place of business, it governs at the ballot-box and holds fast in official life. There is corruption, there are bad citizens, depraved homes and dishonored offices; but as a people we are sound to the core. Our culture may not be of the swallow-tail variety, but it is serving us a better turn than could be commanded by all the conventional superiority of Europe.

Nor must self abasing American critics lose sight of the impression we have recently been making on the Old World despite its self pride and almost idolatrous regard for tradition. Diplomacy is said to be the test of national equipoise, but we have reformed diplomacy by changing it to plain, respectful and perfectly frank talk. Our culture says what it means. We are not afraid to be sincere, and do not hesitate to demand sincerity. The fact is, we are no longer a nation of pioneers and backwoodsmen; we rank with the best, and the time has come for us to dismiss the critics who still harp on the worn-out theory that we are a very respectable people, but ridiculously crude.

—MAURICE THOMPSON

First opportunities fly low, among the little things, just over the desk.

Men Who "Can't Afford It"

MANY people who have the time and inclination to be curious about the affairs of others are greatly puzzled by the dissimilar surroundings and possessions of acquaintances who are greatly alike in taste, intelligence and income. One man succeeds in sending his children to college; another, no poorer, does not, and insists that he cannot. There are men in very modest circumstances who have books and pictures and ornaments which make their homes admired by all beholders, whereas the houses of some other men of the vicinity—their owners no whit less prosperous—have bare walls and a barnlike effect; their occupants may read much, but the books are borrowed. One man subscribes to all the high-class magazines and periodicals; his next-door neighbor has only the cheapest. Smith's wife and daughters dress well; Brown, whose income equals Smith's, and whose family is no larger, is called mean by the gentler sex because the women of his family wear only gowns that are old or shabby or common. Of two city men whose incomes are alike and whose families do not differ in size, one sends his wife and children to the country for the summer, while the other gives his family a short outing or none.

It would seem that there is no truth in the common theory that with equality of incomes and responsibilities all families would be alike prosperous and well supplied, for the men who lack the comforts and luxuries enjoyed by their neighbors declare that they cannot afford them, nor can they understand how others succeed in getting them, unless by lucky speculations, or credit stretching, or downright theft.

It may be that the lacking ones have secret yet noble uses for money in ways that their neighbors and critics know not of. They may be helping the poor, or contributing largely to religious associations, or saving money with which to endow college professorships, or they may be patriotically reducing the national debt by occasionally burning some greenbacks and destroying the ashes. They declare that they do not speculate, neither do they gamble, and their neighbors believe them. But if they do none of these things, and if "figures don't lie," how is it that they cannot afford the many things which they desire and which their no richer acquaintances enjoy?

Among the articles largely desired and consumed by civilized beings of all classes are two of which men seldom deprive themselves solely on the ground that they can't afford them, these are liquors and cigars. It is certain that many well meaning and reputable people who never were charged with excess consume so much of one or the other, or both, that the annual cost thereof must be quite large. Some persons—and, strangely enough, all of them non-users of these creature comforts—have taken the pains to compute the outlay on the moderate drinker's potations and the moderate smoker's cigars. The figures—which may not be entirely accurate—may be had by any one who is curious on the subject, and they may be manipulated so as to show that a week's supply of cigars, no matter how cheap, costs as much as a good book, a box of cigars as much as a framed picture or a sightly bit of bric-à-brac; and that the drinks of the man who never takes too much amount in a month to the price of a silk dress or a parlor rug, and that a boy could be kept at college a year with the money required for liquor and cigars by the man who uses both in moderation.

Is it possible that such figures explain the trouble of some respectable men who complain that they "can't afford it"?

—JOHN HARRINGTON.

Dollars brought together in a savings bank conspire for wealth.

The Opening of a New Era

HISTORY shows that it is difficult—if not, indeed, quite impossible—for any age to discern the true purport of its own activities. Old ideals control public thought and new ideals emerge from the efforts made to reconcile new conditions with the old ideals, but the process is so gradual that it generally escapes contemporary observation. It requires but little reflection to discover that this fact introduces a valuable principle of conservatism in social progress, so that great transformations can take place without any breach of social continuity. The difference between the United States of to-day and the United States of Washington's time is as great as the difference between the acorn and the oak, but the Republic is still that which the Fathers planted.

Nevertheless, though it is impossible to foretell what the future may bring forth, there are some events so significant that it is plain that they are turning points of destiny. Such an event was the Declaration of Independence, the importance of which was apparent to contemporary observers, although they were quite unable to measure that importance. Such an event was the war with Spain, which unquestionably marks the beginning of a new era in our national history, although its nature is yet to be developed and will hardly be disclosed until our posterity, with accomplished results before them, are in a position to appreciate what we are now doing.

One fact which has already made its way to the front of our politics is that the assumption of responsibilities for the government of distant countries and peoples produces vital reactions upon our domestic affairs. Questions of this order are now confronting Congress, and their political importance is becoming sharply manifest. But how great their importance we can hardly realize, although history warns us how vast the possibilities may be.

It is, however, no reproach to our politics that such vast issues are being dealt with in a spirit of opportunism, and that party positions are being taken rather with regard to present considerations of political expediency than upon a broad view of ultimate results. This is really the only safe process, for it keeps on the safe ground of practical experience and coördinates political development with social conditions. The impulse of expansion and the fear of imperialism are reciprocal forces in the working out of national destiny under the new conditions which have presented themselves, and the vigor of contention as to the true course of national policy is a far more hopeful augury of the future than would be a wave of enthusiasm for new ideals and new principles, sweeping the nation from its old habits of thought and action.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

Good for the new Congress! It is proving that oratory is not a lost art.

Making the Machine Work for Good

A POLITICAL reformer, prominent in a certain Western State, not long ago worked hard to control a campaign. He succeeded in getting control of the balance of power by sending out workers who secured pledges from voters to oppose the candidates blacklisted by a certain committee. When the list of tabooed ones appeared it was found to hold the names of certain candidates who had been looked upon as clean, honest men.

When asked why those men had been blacklisted, the reformer replied that they were members of a "combination," that a "combination" was a political "machine," and that his organization was radically opposed to all political "machinery." Then he launched his votes and won a victory. The organization he had perfected was a political "combination" and a political "machine." Yet the reformer did not realize that he had been inconsistent.

This condemnation of the political "machine" by the reformer is part of a general tendency of the mind to mistake the particular for the general, to condemn the general system because specific instances are worthy of condemnation.

Yet if much desired reforms in politics are ever to be brought about, the usefulness of the "machine" method must be recognized by reformers. Let us suppose a certain element controls the politics of a great State. This element is known as the "machine." Reformers denounce it as corrupt. They are determined to throttle it and purify the State administration. They believe they can do this at the polls, and set to work. They find that speakers must be sent to enlighten the people. To do this money must be furnished for expenses, since not even reformers can often pay hotel bills out of their own pockets. So a committee is appointed to look after funds. Now it is seen that there must be some one to look after the press notices, some one else to organize a house to house canvass, a force to "get out the vote," and a score of other committees and individuals to do various necessary parts of the campaign work. These wants are met as they arise. Some one is assigned to each detail, and the organization becomes thorough and effective. But the organization is a "machine." Tell the reformers so and they will probably shake their heads at first. Then they will say:

"Perhaps it is a machine, but it is a GOOD MACHINE. It is not like the one we are working to destroy."

Now they are getting at the point. It was not "machines" they were fighting, but bad machines. To overthrow one bad "machine," which they had in mind, they organized a good one. They tell you they found it absolutely necessary to do so. They have done one of the things they complained about in the old machine; they have to a certain extent given up their individuality, for all organization entails a sacrifice of individuality. But they are likely to accomplish their purpose and they bless their "machine."

Luther complained that the devil had all the good tunes. So may good people complain that the demagogues and political villains have at least more than their share of the good political methods. It has been a mistake for the good people to allow this. It will be well for us if we stop talking against political organization and political "machines." Let us be specific, and cry out against bad machines. If we recognize the value of "machinery" in doing good and bringing about reform, and if we make use of it, we will hasten the millennium.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Live Interest of Solemn Documents

The longer we live the more we appreciate how little direct personal interest there is for the great majority of people in mere documents. If you were asked about your college diploma, there are 999 chances out of a thousand that you could not recall what it said, and certainly equal chances that you could not read it after you hunted it up Take a more vital illustration, your marriage certificate—that is, if you are married—and the marriage license, if you contemplate that important and essential introduction to content and happiness. You do not recall what it says, nor are you particularly interested in the phraseology. You are satisfied simply because it represents the fact itself. You know you were graduated and you know that you were married or are going to be married, and the papers in the case do not bother you. It seems utterly illogical, but, at the same time, it shows human nature

Thus in the treaties between nations, in the documents that represent the higher interests of civilization and politics, we find a lack of interest that would be incomprehensible did we not appreciate the attitude of the average citizen who knows that certain agreements have been reached, or are being reached, and is satisfied with the fact, and willing to [illegible] the technical expression of it to the experts

This apathy, however, cannot continue, for, as the world grows older, it is absolutely certain that treaties will be the great stepping-stones in its upward march They not only summarize the progress that has gone before, but give the sure footings for forward movement. Indeed there are signs that the people are awakening to the value of these instruments. A fine illustration of this quickness of thought and understanding was shown when the new convention to supersede the Clayton Bulwer treaty was made public Within twenty-four hours there were editorial comments and interviews exhibiting a wonderfully wide and correct grasp of history and modern conditions, so that the complex question was brought to such a simplicity that it could be discussed at the dinner table

The Hard Lines of Modern Treaties

For nearly six hundred years treaties have been made, and each following the other has marked a change in the world's relations. For hundreds of years they were between sovereign states; the legislative body had nothing to do with it. To this day that is a fact in many countries, even in Great Britain. With us the treaty must have a two-thirds vote in the United States Senate, so that it is obliged to pass under the most critical and the most aggressive ordeal. It is the same way in France, and the time will undoubtedly come when no treaty will be made except with the consent of at least one branch of the legislative body of any nation This has its advantages and disadvantages Of course it delays action. There are many people in this country who believe that if the Senate had not been so long in confirming the treaty with Spain we should not have had the war with the Filipinos

Diplomacy is necessarily suspicious of legislatures, but the legislature is as suspicious of diplomacy as diplomacy is distrustful of legislation. It is not pleasant for a State Department to bend its energies to a great achievement and then to have the whole thing attacked and possibly changed by newspapers and Senators But in this age of publicity the delicate sensibilities of kid-gloved statesmanship must take knocks and shocks as part of the game

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of Eighteen-Fifty

The original Clayton Bulwer treaty was ratified in 1850 The rush of population to the Pacific Coast had shown the certainty of a canal across the isthmus In 1849 this country entered into a treaty with Nicaragua for such a canal by way of Lake Nicaragua but one end of it, Greytown, was occupied by British settlers, and Great Britain claimed a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, who were supposed to own some territory in that neighborhood The feeling ran high, and Mr. Clayton, who was Secretary of State [illegible] through Sir H L Bulwer, the British Minister at Washington, that Great Britain withdraw her claims to the coast so as to permit the canal to be built under the joint control of the United States and Nicaragua The British Government declined, but agreed to enter into a treaty for a joint protectorate over the canal. This was negotiated by Mr. Clayton and Sir H L Bulwer and was signed at Washington April 19, 1850. Each nation declared that it would not obtain an exclusive control over the said ship canal nor erect fortifications commanding the same, nor exercise any authority over any part of Central America

This treaty never gave satisfaction, and six years ago Mr. Frelinghuysen, our Secretary of State, said in an official dispatch that the treaty was void. These were his words "First, that the consideration of the treaty having failed, its object never having been accomplished, the United States did not receive that for which they covenanted, and second, that Great Britain has persistently violated her agreement not to colonize the Central American coast." Mr. Morgan in the Senate and Mr Hepburn in the House introduced measures looking to absolute control of the canal by the United States.

The New Treaty for the Nicaragua Canal

On February 5, 1900, John Hay, the Secretary of State, and Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, signed a new treaty to supersede the Clayton-Bulwer convention This agreed

1. That "the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States"

2. That "the canal shall be free and open in time of war as in time of peace to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of equity, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise

3. "No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the water adjacent. The United States, however shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness or disorder

4. "The canal shall never be blockaded, and vessels of war of the belligerents shall not take stores in it except so far as it may be strictly necessary."

Of course, the formal document comprises numerous articles and many sections, but the points enumerated above contain the gist of the convention. The opposition was mainly upon the prohibition of fortifications. To the British contention that it was placing the canal on the same basis as the Suez Canal, it was pointed out that Great Britain commands all the approaches to the Suez Canal, and has provided well for its use if war should occur. It was further stated that Great Britain, in her West India possessions possessed the nearest base to the Nicaragua Canal. In addition to all that, it was claimed that Great Britain had already nullified the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that this new negotiation was in no sense necessary.

Thus the contest began and continued in the newspapers and in Congress. According to the agreement made between Messrs. Hay and Pauncefote, the ratification shall be exchanged at Washington or at London within six months from the date of signature, which fixes the limit of time at July 5.

The Two Great Republics Getting Closer Together

The Dingley Tariff Act gave to diplomacy the making of certain commercial conventions that would place the products of the United States on a better footing. Five treaties were made with Great Britain, all relating to the British West India Islands. The sixth and the most important was with France. This was in line with the declaration of Section IV of the tariff law, giving the President power to renew reciprocity treaties, so that American products might be placed on the same equality with those of the most favored nations

The negotiations between the United States and France lasted nearly two years. This country secured concessions on 644 heads, the rates being on an average of about twenty per cent. below those of the general tariff of France. France secured from this country important concessions on over one hundred of her chief products, the reductions ranging from five to twenty per cent. A long fight was made to secure lower rates on French wines, but this failed

Without going into technical details, it may be said that the new treaty placed the products of the United States on the same basis in France as the products of Great Britain and Germany, while heretofore our products have had to pay the maximum rates. An idea of the change is seen in respect to petroleum and mineral oils. By this treaty the saving in duties will each year reach five millions of dollars.

A great many business questions are involved in the treaty, and it may have a hard time both at Washington and at Paris. It represents a vast amount of work and negotiation, however, and the men who made it will do all they can to save it even though it be amended

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR

A Great Treaty that Got Through Safely

One important treaty, the greatest of its kind the world has ever known, has succeeded in getting through without the usual difficulties. It is the famous peace and arbitration treaty made at The Hague last year. This treaty is a convention among the nations of the earth, and the fact that nearly all of them have signed it gives it a unique place in the annals of mankind. The usual methods of ratification had to be modified in order to meet the peculiar conditions. In the case of the United States the acceptance of it by a two thirds vote in the Senate and by the President's signature is followed by the deposit of the document at The Hague by the United States Minister The usual exchange that attends treaties could not be carried out very well in this case, and The Hague authorities will simply notify each Power who is party to the treaty of the fact of ratification.

One point in this new treaty is of vast importance to this country. It is a special amendment stipulating that the United States shall not be required by the treaty to depart from the policy of not interfering with the political affairs of foreign states, and further saying, "Nor shall anything contained in the said convention be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions." In other words, in signing The Hague treaty our Government did not sign away the Monroe Doctrine

Another interesting point is that this new treaty provides a few pleasant offices for distinguished statesmen. Within the next few months the President will name four persons, of known competency in questions of international law, to serve as the representatives of the United States on the permanent board created by the treaty The term of service is six years, and of course the compensation—no definite salary is mentioned—will be very liberal. The expenses of the International Bureau will be shared by the different nations

Leading Questions Still to Be Settled

There are other great treaties that will be concluded within the next few years. Although the United States, by a happy stroke of diplomacy, secured in China the open door for the world, and now possesses the promises of the Powers to that effect in writing there will be a treaty or a series of treaties summarizing and perfecting the work

The matter that promises the greatest difficulty for us is the Alaskan boundary line. The question at issue has not been settled, in spite of the work of able commissioners

There is a *modus vivendi* which does not give Canada the seaport that she wants, and it is quite certain that she will insist upon her great ambition, and that the English Government will do all it can to help her. It is quite likely, however, that this matter will be held in abeyance until England is not so busy in other parts of the world It has been freely stated that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty has some bearing on the Alaskan situation, and this had much to do with opposition to it. [illegible] friendship is not doubted, but nobody is sure when making treaties or trading horses

SENATOR MORGAN, OF ALABAMA

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

REPRESENTATIVE HEPBURN, OF IOWA

The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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"And I'll be the Serapis, I'm thinkin'"

Seventh Chapter

THERE are only two men-of-war in the whole lot."

"Right, Yer Honor; that 'un near the shore there-away looks like a big frigate. That'll be the Serapis, I'm thinkin'."

"Yes, and that one farther out the Scarborough."

"Aye, aye, sir; an' all the rest of 'em is merchantmen There ain't a gun on board any of 'em. Nice pickin's them'll be for us poor sailormen arter we dispose of them war-vessels. Dash my wig, just think of them fat traders, an' we a rummagin' among 'em——"

"That will do, Price. Just moderate your transports a little," said the officer, stepping forward to the brow of the hill and taking another long look at the harbor

"I ain't no transport," muttered the garrulous old man under his breath; "I won't carry no soldiers nowhere. I'm a man-o' war, I am"; but he took good care that his superior should not hear these somewhat insubordinate remarks

"Well," said the latter, turning about after his close scrutiny, "I think we have ascertained about all we have come for. They are the Baltic convoy, without doubt, and you would better make a straight course for the ship at once and report."

"An' you, sir?" asked the old man respectfully. "Won't you come along, sir? I hate to cut cable an' leave you here adrift alone, Yer Honor."

"No," answered the officer after a reflective pause, "I think I shall go up to that castle on the bluff beyond and find out a little more definitely as to the situation, if possible Meanwhile, do you get on your horse and ride back to Bridlington Bay. Go aboard the Alert; tell Mr. Lunt from me to join the Richard to the southward at once, and notify Captain Jones of what we have seen. Tell him I think it will be perfectly safe for him to come on, for there is a great fleet of merchant ships here with only two ships of war. I will find some means to join him at the rendezvous before the rest of the ships can assemble and they can get under way. Now, hear a hand, don't let the grass grow under your keel."

"Oh, Yer Honor, have I got to git on board that 'ere four-legged craft ag'in?" said old Price ruefully

"That's what you have to do, my lad," remarked the officer cheerfully.

Seems like somethin's wrong with him," said the old sailor. "A animal wot steers by the head is contrary like to Natur'. Now, if I could only git him to go about on t'other tack, or wear him by shiftin' his tail, I'd understand him perfectly but this 'ere tiller-rope business over his bows is wot gits me; an', sir, I can't make out with them re-st'rups, nuther; it's like hangin' on to the yardarm in a tossin' sea without no footropes. Howsomever, if I must, I must, I guess."

"Oh, you won't mind it," replied the officer laughing at the old man's rueful face; "besides the wind's fair, and you'll be going free most of the way. Just give him a touch of your weather heel and you'll soon make the harbor."

"I never thought about the wind," said the veteran gunner thoughtfully, his face brightening as he turned and listened for it. "Yer Honor's right. 'Twill be plain sailin'. Well, sir, anchors a-weigh and here goes."

The old seaman, giving great evidence of his disinclination, in spite of the favoring breeze, at last climbed upon the back of his staid old horse, and, resisting the temptation to give him his direction by a pull of the tail, got under way and lurched rapidly down the road. Left to himself the Lieutenant mounted his own horse—surprising to state, for a sailor, he was an excellent horseman—and rode down toward the sleeping town nestled around Scarborough harbor, where a large fleet of merchant ships, convoyed by two men of war, rode quietly at t[illegible]s.

Opposite the acclivity on which the two men had stood, and to the north of the town, rose a bold headland, or scar, almost an island, to the height of about three hundred feet. The rugged crest was crowned by a picturesque old castle. The headland jutted out boldly into the sea, and the wild waters dashed upon its walls from every side. Access to the castle was by means of a causeway and bridge springing over a rocky and otherwise impassable connection between the cliff and the mainland, which was sometimes flooded at high tide.

Portions of the castle were in bad repair, or had been dismantled in the several wars in which it had played a memorable part since its erection in 1136 by a follower of William the Conqueror; but a large part of it was still habitable, and had been provided with a sufficient garrison. A heavy water battery, which had been placed in position during the rebellion in 1745, had been strengthened and reenforced recently.

Captain Jones, in the Bon Homme Richard, had been cruising around the coasts of the British Islands for some time He had heard of the expected arrival of the Baltic fleet in these waters, and had presumed that they would make Scarborough harbor. Word had been received from a small trader he had overhauled that a large number of ships had assembled in that harbor, and in order to ascertain whether he might safely attack them with his small nondescript squadron he had accepted the voluntary services of Lieutenant O'Neill, seconded by Gunner Price, of the Bon Homme Richard

They had gone on ahead of the squadron in the cutter Alert, and had landed below Flamborough headland, and had ridden thence to Scarborough to ascertain the facts. The Alert was to carry the news back to Jones, who was on the Richard, farther down the coast, and the vessels of his squadron were all to assemble a day or two later in Bridlington Bay, a small and unimportant town with a good harbor, within easy reach of the expected prey. Should the report of the scouts be favorable, the squadron would proceed at once to attack the convoy.

On their journey to Scarborough O'Neill had ascertained from a passing countryman that Lord Westbrooke was still Governor of the castle, and he at once surmised that Lady Elizabeth Howard would probably be there with her guardian. More than twice the year he had asked for from her had elapsed, and many untoward circumstances had prevented him from carrying out his plan of seeking her, but she had ever been in his heart, and time and separation had but intensified his love. The mercurial Irishman had been deeply smitten by the English beauty, and the constancy of his devotion evidenced the depth of the impression made

When Jones had returned with the Ranger from his first successful cruise, he and his officers had been féted and made much of by the French Court. The gallant adventures in which he had participated lent a new charm to the fascinating personality of the son of the old Marshal, whose social position was already everything that could be desired, and his heart accordingly had been a target for repeated attacks upon the part of the bright-eyed and fascinating dames of France—but to no avail

Something of the story of his devotion had been allowed to leak out, however, to account for his obduracy, and they finally understood why he was so unusually insensible to their charms. This romance only added a piquancy to the feminine pursuit of which he was the object, although the ladies' sportive love chase proved in the end unavailing. He had resolved, O'Neill said, to show the world that unusual spectacle, a constant Irishman! That was to attempt the impossible, had been the quick reply, but nevertheless he had accomplished it.

Our Celtic mariner continued in the American not that he cared particularly for America, for doctrines could never be acceptable to a follower of Stuart and the intimate associate of the young France; but first because he saw in it renewed opportu[illegible] to annoy and humiliate the stout Hanoverian whom he and his people hated, and from whom they had received much harm; and second, because he was so much attracted by the strong personality of Paul Jones. So great had become his regard for this wonderful man that he had even waived considerations of rank in favor of an American, the gallant Richard Dale, and had consented to serve as Second Lieutenant, instead of First, on the Richard, when that famous ship and her ill-assorted consorts started forth upon the memorable cruise.

The tacticians of the French Navy, unfortunately, were not given to consider downright hard fighting as the end and aim of naval enterprise. Their manœuvres were calculated to annoy and harass the enemy, but their first thought was not to destroy his ships, but to protect their own—a fatal mistake in policy from which they have ever suffered. This was not John Paul Jones' way. Whatever else he was, he was a fighter from the beginning to the end, and O'Neill found in him a congenial spirit.

The lovelorn Irishman had tried several times to communicate with Lady Elizabeth by letter and messenger, but without success, for he received no reply to his letters, and his messengers had never returned. Therefore, when he found himself in such close proximity to her as on this occasion, Tuesday evening, the twenty-first of September, 1779 he was utterly unable to resist the temptation at least to try to see her again. Jones and the ships were not due at the rendezvous until Thursday morning. There would be ample time to rejoin them on Wednesday.

O'Neill imagined himself perfectly safe; he had worn no disguise except the uniform of a French naval officer, and as France and England were nominally at peace he persuaded himself that he was in no danger. This failure to return promptly to his ship was a breach of naval propriety, he admitted, of course, but nothing more, and for that he was willing to suffer.

With the delightful casuistry of lovers he persuaded himself against his better judgment and failed to see his action in its true military significance. Trusting to audacity, mother wit, and Dan Cupid for protection, he went bravely on. In fact, he was taking his life in his hand. Meanwhile with a beating heart—beating not from fear, but with anticipation—he rode slowly down the hill and into the town, where he left his horse at an inn and made his way on foot, and supperless, such was his eagerness, toward the castle

He had no definite plan. There did not seem to be room for any. He had one consuming desire—to see, to speak to, to come in touch again with the beautiful girl who had been the object of his every thought, the end of his every desire, the spirit of his every dream since they had met. He had a thought—a hope—that she was still Elizabeth Howard. There was that in her promise, in her look, in her word when she had said, "Come and see," on the strand, which gave him the hope that she would wait until he did come, be it one year or two; and with the sanguine spirit of his race he could not prepare himself for a disappointment

The moon had risen when he walked quietly through the town and began to mount the hill. He did not know how to gain admittance to the castle when he approached it, and, as ill luck would have it, as he was standing on the causeway looking toward the gate he was approached by a squad of soldiers under the command of a Sergeant, who were returning from an errand in the town. His meditations, as he stood gazing at the lights shining from the different windows, wondering behind which wall was ensconced the idol of his heart, were rudely interrupted by the grasp of a rough hand upon his shoulder and a harsh voice in his ear saying.

"Well, sir, wot are you a-doin' 'ere at this hour of the night? Entrance to the castle is forbid to every one except members of the garrison, or them which has passes. No one is allowed on the causeway after sunset, even. There is so many tales of raidin's on the coast by that bloody, ravagin' pirate, Jones, an' his bleedin' gang, that we're a'most in a state of siege. Give an account of yourself"

"My friend," began O'Neill calmly, glancing rapidly about him and giving up at once any idea of resistance, for he was surrounded by at least a dozen men, "my friend," he said, speaking in broken English, with a well-simulated French accent, "I am an officer of the King of France, traveling for pleasure through your great country. I hear of the old castle—I wish to see it—hence I come here. I have done nothing—you will let me go free?"

"A Frenchman?"

"Yes, monsieur, I have that honor."

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

"Well, that settles it. You've got to come along with us now. A frog-eatin' Frenchman's our natural born enemy"

"But, monsieur, there is no war between my master and your King."

"Don't monshur me. I don't take no palaverin', an' I don't know whether there is war or not," retorted the Sergeant brusquely; "but we always did hate the bloody Frenchies, an' we always will, an' whenever we ketch one of 'em around here he's got to give an account of hisself. But if you come along peaceable like, all right—we won't hurt you. If you don't, we'll just pick you up an' carry you. You can take your chice," he added indifferently.

A horseman galloping in from the town at this moment drew rein in front of the little group

"Ah! Sergeant, what is that? Whom have you there?" he queried sharply.

"'Tis a Frenchman, sir. We found him a-prowlin' round here. He's a spy, I takes it," answered the Sergeant, saluting, but still retaining his grasp

"Pardon me, monsieur," said O'Neill "I am no spy. I am a gentleman of France, as I explained to this man. I travel—come here to see the castle——"

"Well, sir, I can assist you to attain your end," interrupted the Lieutenant on the horse, "and since you desire to see the castle, perhaps you would not object to a look at it from the inside."

"As a prisoner, monsieur?"

"Well, I am sorry you put it that way, but I shall be compelled to turn you over to the Governor"

"But I protest, monsieur!"

"You can protest to the Admiral if you wish—the Governor, I mean—for you will have to come along now under the circumstances. We hear that Scots buccaneer, Paul Jones, is off the coast, and we don't know when he might strike or whom he might send on shore. We can't be too careful

Very well, monsieur; I come, said O'Neill, shrugging his shoulders and resigning himself to the inevitable

"That's good," answered the young officer. "Bring him along, Sergeant

"Yes, Leftenant. Now, you Johnnie, right about face, march"'

It was in this unexpected and undignified manner that O'Neill gained entrance to the castle. As they walked beneath the great gates of the gloomy fortress, his heart, in spite of the serious nature of his position, gave a bound of elation. This reckless young man had as yet no other thought than that by every step he had been brought a little nearer to his divinity. If other thoughts had come it is doubtful if he would have allowed them to stop him now. As the party halted in the courtyard, while the Lieutenant dismounted and hastened to apprise the Governor of the capture, he even ventured most imprudently to ask the Sergeant if Lady Elizabeth Howard was in the castle

"She is," replied that astonished functionary. "Wot's that to you, I'd like to know?"

Eighth Chapter

BEFORE he could answer an order came for the prisoner to be brought forward. After ascending a flight of worn stone steps and going through a long, dark passage, a great door was thrown open and he was confronted by a blaze of light which dazzled him at first, until, his eyes becoming accustomed to the illumination, he realized that he stood on the threshold of a splendid hall in the old keep which had possibly once been the banqueting hall of the castle. Long lancet windows upon one side, their leaded frames filled with rich painted glass, looked out upon the sea beating ceaselessly upon the bluff below and filling the room with a subdued murmur

The room was massively and splendidly furnished with heavy antique furniture. The stone walls were covered with hangings of rich old tapestry from the famous looms of Arras. Here and there were portraits of distinguished members of the Westbrooke family—women renowned for their beauty, or men who, holding the castle at different times, had made their names famous by their bravery and skill The prisoner's feet sank into a thick, soft, luxurious carpet stretched upon the stone flags of the old floor

Writing at a large table standing near the centre of the room and covered with candelabra sat a bewigged old man of commanding presence, dressed in a naval uniform covered with orders and stars bespeaking high rank. Farther away with her back turned to the light and to the door by which O'Neill had entered, a young woman sat apparently reading intently. One glance at the graceful curve of her neck and the exquisite poise of her head told him it was she. Forgetful of everything else, he would have stepped forward had it not been for the restraining hand of the Sergeant

"The prisoner, M'Lud!" said the latter, saluting

The Admiral continued his writing a moment, and then looking up fixed his eyes keenly upon the young man. His first glance told him that he had to deal with no ordinary prisoner. He arose at once and bowed with the courtesy of a finished gentleman

"Have the goodness to step forward, sir, and be seated, he said, pointing to a chair. "Sergeant, remain on guard where you are."

With an equally low bow to the older man, O'Neill took a few steps in his direction, and sat down on the chair in front of the Admiral, facing him and the woman beyond, who, still intent upon her book, had not yet noticed his entrance

"THE MARQUIS DE RICHEMONT, AT YOUR SERVICE MADAM," O'NEILL INTERRUPTED QUICKLY

Prisoners being every-day occurrences at the castle in these troublous times, they had ceased to interest her; but the unusual complaisance of the old man, as expressed by his voice and manner, attracted her attention, and she looked up from the book, though without turning her head, and listened

"I am sorry to subject you to any annoyance, sir," continued the Admiral, "but the rules are very strict, and I must abide by my own regulations. We apprehend a descent upon our coast by the notorious pirate, John Paul Jones O'Neill started and bit his lip, but said nothing—"and it is my duty to take unusual precautions. I must ask your name, your station, and business here."

I am the——" began O'Neill quietly, but with his glance fixed on the powdered head showing over the chair back opposite him

There was a revolution at the other side of the table Lady Elizabeth sprang to her feet with a hurried exclamation, dropped her book to the floor, turned quickly and stepped toward the other two. O'Neill rose also.

How beautiful she looked, *en grande tenue*, her hair rolled high and powdered, jewels sparkling about her snowy throat, the soft, white neck which rose from the pale blue silk of her corsage, the——

It is——' she cried

The Marquis de Richemont, at your service, madam O'Neill interrupted quickly, bowing low before her lest in her surprise she should betray him

What is the meaning of this, Elizabeth? Do you know this man?" asked the Admiral in great astonishment

'Every traveler," smilingly interrupted O'Neill—striving to give Elizabeth time to collect herself—with the appearance of the greatest *sang-froid* himself, though his heart was beating so rapidly he could scarce maintain his composure, "on these islands has heard of the beauty of Lady Elizabeth Howard. Her reputation as a woman of charms has been extended to the Continent, whence I come. It was in the hope of seeing her that I walked up toward the castle this evening. I have not the honor of her acquaintance, monsieur

Do you know this gentleman, Elizabeth?" persisted the Admiral sternly, his suspicions aroused by her actions

There was evidently some mystery about his coming, and the girl was quick to see that to proclaim O'Neill's name and occupation would probably place him in an embarrassing position, to say the least. She recovered herself by a great effort and, turning away languidly, remarked with well assumed carelessness

I? Certainly not, sir: I have never heard of the Marquis de Richemont before in my life" The last statement was absolutely correct, the Irishman's rank having been kept strictly in abeyance O'Neill shrugged his shoulders and extended his hands in confirmation of her words

'Why that scream, then, and that surprise, madam?" questioned the still unconvinced Admiral

I know not, sir; I must have been dreaming, and the sound of a strange voice startled me

"Beg pardon, M'Lud," said the Sergeant, saluting, "Yer Worship, he axed if Lady Elizabeth Howard lived 'ere w'en he was down in the courtyard

"Silence, sirrah!" thundered the old Admiral, who allowed no one to entertain doubts of his ward but himself "Do you mean to imply that Lady Elizabeth has knowledge of this gentleman?"

"Oh, Sergeant!" said the girl, clasping her hands and looking at the old veteran with all the fascination of which she was capable

"No, Yer Ludship; no, sir. Of course not; certainly not, Yer Honor," returned the man in great confusion. "I spoke by way of showin' that's wot he come for."

"It was in pursuance of my desire to see so great a beauty that I asked the question, monsieur"

"Sir, your admiration does me too much honor," said Elizabeth, curtsying

"I make up for the fact that your reputation does Your Ladyship too little, then, mademoiselle," he answered

"Enough of this!" said the Admiral impatiently; "the girl is well enough, but you didn't come here to look at her, did you?"

On my honor as a gentleman, monsieur, for no other purpose'

"Well, give some account of yourself otherwise, and perhaps if it be satisfactory, as you have accomplished that purpose, I may send you on your way rejoicing," said the Admiral, amused at the extravagance of the young man

"No man could leave the presence of Lady Elizabeth Howard rejoicing, sir.

"Confound you, sir," cried the Governor testily, 'are you going to stand there and lady compliments all day, like a French dancing-master

"I have nothing further to urge for my word My Lord, when my excuse stands in your very presence

The Governor looked at the two young people in great perplexity

I fear, my dear Marquis de Richemont," said he ironically, "unless you can give some more coherent account of yourself I shall be under the painful necessity of having you locked up, in which case the only divinity you will be allowed to gaze upon will be the lovely face and figure of under Sergeant."

"Yes, Yer Ludship—— remarked the Sergeant, grimacing

'Silence, sirrah!' thundered the Admiral again

"My Lord," answered O'Neill, smiling, it is very simple. I am an officer in the Navy of the King of France, making a tour of England for pleasure. I came here to this town this evening. I hear of the great Admiral, Lord Westbrooke, in his great castle, and the beauty of his ward, Lady Elizabeth Howard. I am a lover of the beautiful. I stand on the causeway gazing at the castle. Your soldiers arrest me and bring me here. I rejoice to find the Lady Elizabeth even more beautiful than I have dreamed. Two years have only intensified her charms——"

Two years! Dreams, sir! What mean you by that, pray? What have the years to do with the matter? Did you see her two years ago?" cried the Admiral suspiciously again

O'Neill started: it was a fatal slip, but he hastened to repair it as best he could

"I have seen her picture, sir.

"And where, pray, have you seen her pictur

"In the possession of an English officer, a friend of mine whom I met at Liverpool two years ago, asserted O'Neill audaciously.

"And who was this English officer, pray, who displayed my picture?" interrupted Elizabeth with an appearance of great agitation.

"Major Edward Coventry, mademoiselle."

"Edward! Why, God bless me!" said the Admiral genially, "he is my son. Do you mean to tell me you are a friend of his? Why didn't you say so before?"

"I had the honor of his acquaintance," said O'Neill gravely, "on one very interesting and memorable occasion indeed, when he was on duty at the Château Birkenhead, I believe."

"Yes, that would be about two years ago. Sir, in that case you are very welcome to this castle," said the Admiral; "and now I beg leave to present you in due and proper form to my ward. Lady Elizabeth Howard, permit me to introduce to you the Marquis de Richemont."

"I am charmed to have the pleasure of meeting the Marquis," responded the girl, smiling and curtsying deeply.

"The pleasure and honor are mine, mademoiselle," remarked O'Neill, fully entering into the comedy.

"And," continued the Admiral, "as my son, Major Edward Coventry, has sent me word he will be here shortly, you can renew your acquaintance with him."

It was as if he had exploded a bombshell in the room

"What! Edward coming here?" cried Elizabeth, her voice filled with terror, which she vainly endeavored to conceal. "What for? Why did you not tell me?"

"He desired to surprise you, my dear," answered the Admiral, wondering at her agitation. "You know your wedding takes place next week."

"Ah, a wedding!" said O'Neill, starting and looking at Elizabeth. "Mademoiselle is then to marry?"

"Yes, your friend, Major Coventry," replied the old man. "An old engagement."

"I refused to marry him for a year, and for six months more. I waited all that time There was no word," she said slowly to O'Neill, as if each word were wrung from her by his intent look, her pale cheeks flooding with color

"Have you taken leave of your senses, Elizabeth?" continued the Admiral in great surprise; "of what interest to a stranger is your—er—maidenly hesitation?"

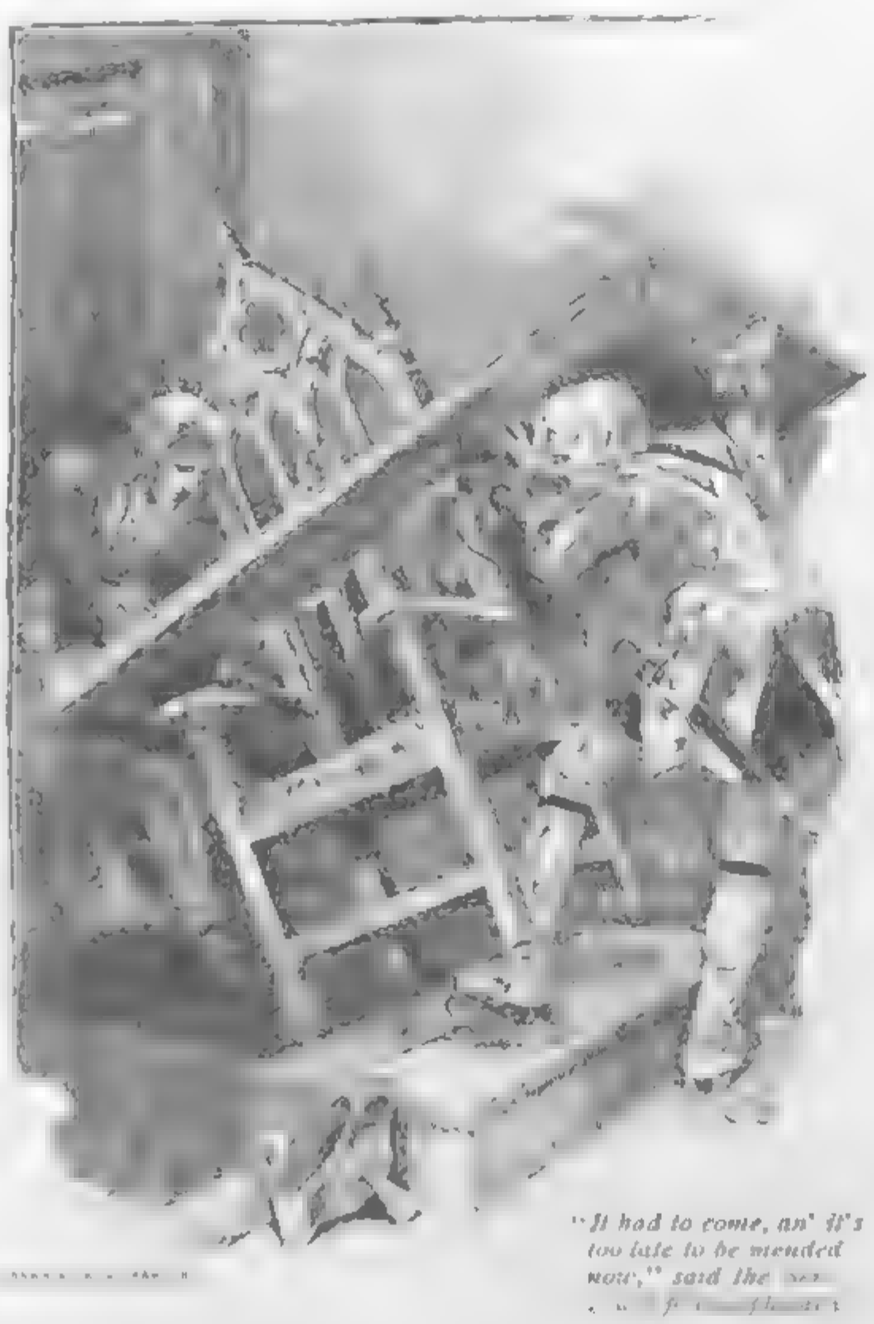
"Anything which concerns so fair a lady is of deep interest to your humble servant," answered O'Neill ironically and bitterly. The comedy had gone, tragedy, as ever, following hard upon.

A door at the rear of the room was opened softly at this moment, and a young man in the brilliant scarlet uniform of a British officer entered and stepped lightly toward them. His glance fell first upon the speaker.

"Barry O'Neill, by Heavens!" he exclaimed, springing eagerly forward with outstretched hand. "How came you here?" For a moment the young soldier was oblivious to the presence of his father and his betrothed. His untimely entrance filled the room with apprehension and dismay

Ninth Chapter

"O'NEILL!" said the Admiral in much bewilderment. "Edward, this is your friend, the Marquis de Richemont."



"It had to come, an' it's too late to be mended now," said the [illegible]

"Edward, do not speak!" cried Lady Elizabeth distractedly

"Ah, Elizabeth, my love and duty to you; but not speak? About what, pray? What mean you?"

"Is this gentleman, the Marquis de Richemont, your friend or not, sir? Cease this byplay, Elizabeth. I will have an explanation," demanded the now thoroughly aroused Admiral

"My friend; quite so," returned Major Coventry smiling. "Though I was ignorant that he was a Marquis, he is none the less welcome. I am exceedingly glad to see him again. You, too, I presume, Elizabeth?"

"Glad even as you are," she replied deliberately, now seeing that further concealment was useless

"But you called him O'Neill," continued the Admiral

"That is my name, sir," said O'Neill calmly, recognizing the uselessness of further evasion. "I am one of the Irish O'Neills, formerly of County Clare, now in the service of the King of France." He could not have said it more proudly had he been the King himself

"The last time I saw you you were on the Ranger, that American Continental ship," continued Coventry.

As a prisoner?" cried the Admiral

As an officer, My Lord," answered the Irishman.

"What, sir! And now you are——"

"Second Lieutenant of the American Continental ship, Bon Homme Richard, Captain John Paul Jones, at your service," was the dauntless reply

"Good gad!" said the Admiral; "is it possible? And you, Elizabeth, you have [illegible]; you knew this man?"

"Yes, sir, but not as the Marquis de Richemont

"You have met this gentleman before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, may I ask, and when?"

"About a year and a half ago, sir. You remember when the Maidstone was wrecked? He saved me from death then, and after Captain Jones put me ashore, you know——"

"He spared my life, too, as well, sir, at [illegible]" said Coventry.

You seem to be a good hand at saving lives, Lieutenant O'Neill. Marquis de Richemont; perhaps you can think of some way of saving your own," retorted the Admiral sarcastically

"'Tis useless to me now, My Lord, and not worth the saving," answered the young man calmly; "but I would not have you mar the approaching nuptials of your son and ward by an execution. Let me at least live until after the wedding. I shall be more willing to die then," he added softly.

"You came here for what purpose?" continued the Admiral, disregarding the latter words of the young man as utterly irrelevant.

"To find out the number and force and disposition of the ships in the harbor."

"At the instance of——

"Captain Jones, sir.

"The murdering pirate

"I have resented such language and proved its falsity upon the person of your son, sir," O'Neill burst out, stepping forward with hand on sword; "shall I impose the same lesson on the father?"

"You are a prisoner, sir," said the Admiral imperturbably, "and are here at my pleasure to receive, not to give, lessons. Stand back, sir! Sergeant, bring in a file of men for a guard Deliver up your sword at once, sir, to Major Coventry."

"Your Lordship is master here; I obey," answered the Irishman, shrugging his shoulders, and, drawing his sword, he tendered it to Major Coventry, who stepped forward reluctantly to receive it.

"Father," he said respectfully, "so far as my knowledge goes, Captain Jones is certainly a gentleman. Had it not been for his magnanimity and that of my friend—I may still call you that, sir?"

"I am vastly honored, sir, I am sure."

"My friend, the Marquis de Richemont, you would be childless to-day. Had it not been for the courage of this gentleman, Lady Elizabeth here——"

"Oh, sir," cried Elizabeth impetuously, "they are men of honor. I pray you enlarge this officer and let him go free; nay, never shake your head, I ask it as a wedding gift

"My liberty your wedding gift, mademoiselle? Never!" put in O'Neill firmly.

"Say no more, either of you," said the Admiral decisively "You, sir, came here as an enemy—a spy

"Not so, sir. I came here in the uniform of a French officer."

"But that is not the uniform of the flag under which you now serve," continued the Admiral keenly. "You may secure some consideration, however, at my hands, as representing His Majesty the King, God bless him, by revealing the circumstances and plans and the ultimate purpose of your rebellious Captain.

"Clearly an impossible proposition," said O'Neill, bowing

"But stop," said the Admiral; "now that I recall it, you gave me your word of honor that you came here to see this lady"

"And that is true, sir. I might have escaped to my ship with ease, in possession

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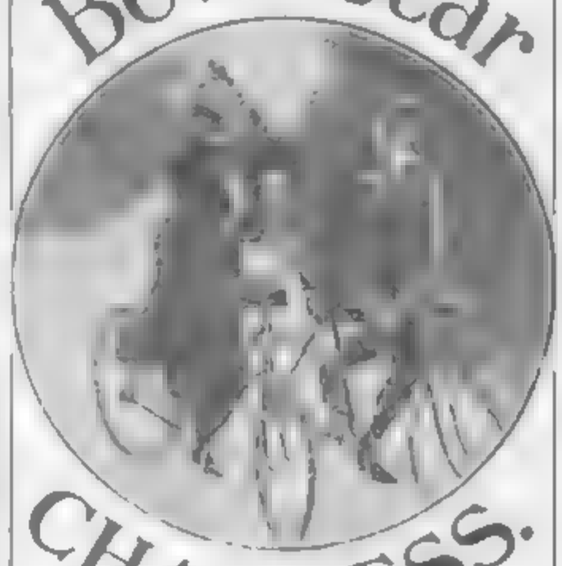
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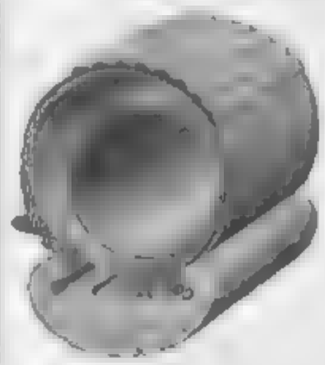
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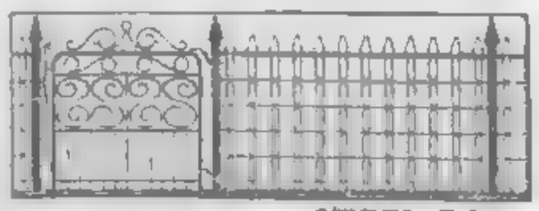
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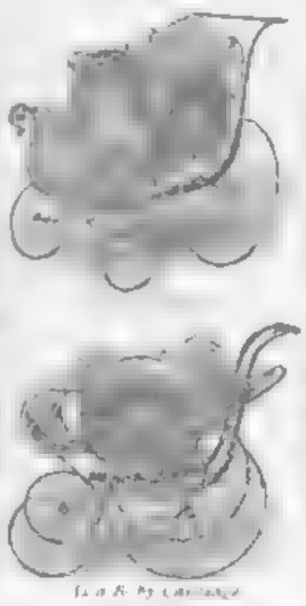

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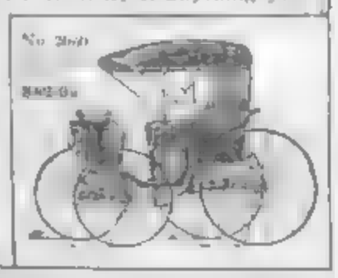

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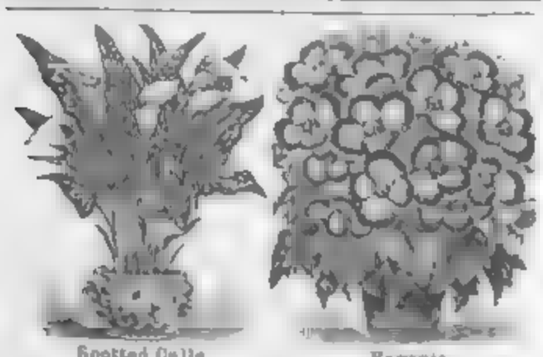

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of the information I desired to get, but I came up to the castle to see her."

"A most foolish excursion, sir—and why, pray?"

"Because I love her," said O'Neill calmly.

"What!" cried Coventry, in great surprise and dismay. "Did you know this, Elizabeth?"

"Is a woman ever ignorant of the feelings she excites in a lover's breast, sir?" O'Neill answered for her.

"And have you—did you——" continued Coventry, looking still at Elizabeth.

"Lady Elizabeth has done nothing, sir. No word of affection has ever crossed her lips—to me, at least," again replied O'Neill. "She wouldn't even wait."

"Oh, but she did," interrupted Coventry jealously, "a year—six months—she tried to postpone her wedding for six months more. I begin to understand."

"Peace, Edward!" said Elizabeth, trembling violently. "The Marquis de Richemont is—is nothing to me—can never be anything to me that is. The wedding shall proceed at the appointed date, I give you my word. It was the wish of my mother, the wish of the Admiral, your wish——"

"And yours, also, dearest Elizabeth, is it not?" said Coventry, taking her hand entreatingly. She hesitated and stood silent.

"Have me executed at once, sir, in mercy and pity," said O'Neill to the Admiral; "let it be now—the sooner the better. This I cannot stand; 'tis too much."

"Not so," replied the Admiral gravely. "I will consider the matter further, and consult with you again. Meanwhile, if you will give me your parole I will allow you the freedom of the castle."

"Parole! 'Tis given, sir. Faith, I hardly think you could drive me away."

"That's well," returned the Admiral. "Sergeant, call my steward and have him assign chambers to the Marquis de Richemont. Coventry, I presume you will place your wardrobe at his disposal in case he needs anything. Now the Marquis will doubtless wish to retire. We will see him in the morning. Come, Elizabeth. Good-night, sir; the Sergeant will attend to your wants."

Lord Westbrooke, I thank you. Major Coventry, your servant. Lady Elizabeth, I wish you joy on your wedding; good-night," replied the young man, bowing to each of them in succession.

As the Admiral and the others left the room the young Lieutenant sank down on his chair and put his head on his hands upon the table. The old Sergeant, who had seen it all, watched him a moment in silence. Walking up to him finally, and laying his hand on his shoulder with the familiarity of a privileged character, he said:

"Come now, sir; be a soldier."

"You can give no worse advice than that to a sailor, my friend," replied O'Neill, rising and smiling in spite of his misery. "Lead on; I will follow," he added.

As they passed down the great hall, the eyes of the wretched Lieutenant fell upon a large picture hanging rather low on the wall in a far corner above a dais near the doorway. It was the picture of a beautiful woman in the fashion of some fifty years back. She was seated in a great carved oak chair, the counterpart of, and evidently painted from, one standing beneath it. In face and feature the portrait was a striking likeness of Lady Elizabeth Howard. The skill of the painter had been so great, the colors had been so nicely chosen, so delicately laid on, that in the flickering, uncertain candlelight, which left this part of the room in a rather deep shadow, the picture actually seemed to breathe. O'Neill stopped as if petrified.

"Come along, sir," said the Sergeant gruffly, after a moment's silence.

"A moment, if you please, my friend—a moment. What sort of a man are you to pass by such as this without notice? It should be Lady Elizabeth, but the fashion of the dress——"

"It's her mother, sir, a cousin of the Admiral. I pass it every day, sir, and I've got so I don't take no notice on it no more. She was a young thing, scarce older than her young leddyship, when she set for that paintin', an' they had no children for years; leastways they all died, till this baby was born, an' then she died, too. I've been attached to the Admiral's service in some way or another since I was a boy, an' [illegible] her many a time on my knee. Yes, sir, [illegible] young leddyship, Lady Elizabeth that is, too, w'en she was a little girl."

"My regard for you goes up a thousand fold, my friend," said O'Neill, smiling. "I could almost envy you your opportunities. Would I had been you!"

"'Tain't no use wishin' that," said the old Sergeant, shaking his head; "there never was no Frenchman could ever take my place."

"Quite right," replied O'Neill, smiling, "it would be clearly impossible."

"Come along, then, Yer Honor."

"Stay a moment," returned the entranced Irishman, "a year at gaze would not sate me with the beauty of this picture. How like is the fair image," murmured the entranced young man, approaching nearer and fairly holding his breath under the influence of the moment. He stretched out his hand toward the painting with a little reverential gesture.

"Look out, sir!" said the Sergeant warningly; "the picture hangs very loose, an' the frame——"

What evil fate was it that determined its fall at that moment? There was a tremendous crash, something gave way, and the great frame dropped from its place on the wall and fell across the heavy oaken chair which stood beneath it, and the picture was impaled upon its gothic points. The two men sprang to seize it and lift it up. Alas, it had been literally torn to pieces. The canvas had evidently been originally a defective one, for it had split in every direction. Restoration was impossible.

"Good Heavens!" said the Irishman, "what a misfortune!"

"It had to come, an' it's too late to be mended now," said the Sergeant philosophically, "so we must git on."

"Very good," said O'Neill, tenderly lifting the frame, with the rags of the tattered canvas hanging to it, back against the wall, "there is nothing to keep us here now. Unlucky fool that I am! Even the semblance of the original is not for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN MIDWINTER

By Clinton Scollard

THE wind is loud behind the hill
Among the pines its breath is frore;
The pathway of the meadow still
Is seen no more.

Day dawns without the vireo's call
Day sinks without the thrush's cry,
And like the shadow of a pall
The rooks flap by.

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The writhing bough are cased in rime;
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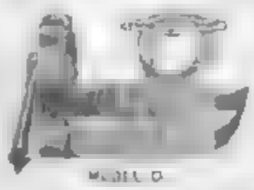

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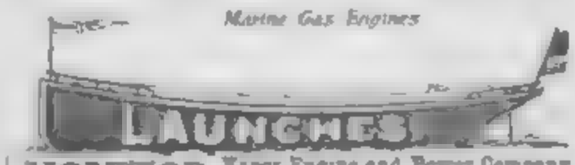

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, February, 1900

THE season is only a few weeks old and already I begin to feel like that poor, tired woman who, when she came to die, said she hoped that Gabriel would not toot his trumpet for at least a thousand years, as she knew it would take her that length of time to rest sufficiently for the resurrection

Page says that it is no use to talk of being tired and a wreck yet a while, for there are [illegible] weeks more of this gayety and it won't do to give out before Ash Wednesday I thought when it first began that at least I should have every Sunday in which to rest after first going to church at St. John's, but [illegible] Sunday is the elect day of the week among diplomats, and now that I see my *Ultima Thule* in sight and am beginning to be invited to breakfasts and to five o'clock teas at the various Embassies and Legations, the luxury of a quiet Sunday is denied me

I went to a breakfast a few days ago where there was little formality and where I was made quite one of them. To begin with, the hostess kept her pet poodle in her lap throughout the entire breakfast, much to my secret surprise. She said that she was afraid to let the little "angel" out of her sight, lest this cruel Government of ours should think him dangerous and either impound him or put a muzzle upon him. Everybody laughed at this statement, for it is a perfectly well-known fact that no dog belonging to a diplomat can be muzzled, as all property belonging to diplomats is foreign territory, so to speak. And then, besides, the idea of this particular poodle being dangerous was most ludicrous, for he was so little that a muzzle that would fit him would have been about the size of a diminutive tea strainer. This theme of muzzled dogs was excitedly discussed. Because of a dog having gone mad at the British Embassy our City Fathers have issued an edict for the muzzling of all dogs, which has called out a great hue and cry, especially among the foreigners

THE QUESTION OF SECRETARY AND SERGEANT-AT-ARMS IS ALREADY SETTLED IN FAVOR OF MR. BENNETT AND MR. RANSDELL

■

I find it hard to follow the talk on the occasions of these breakfasts, and I am determined therefore to acquire the language of Courts, for "no man reacheth to excellence with one tongue." My Spruce City English may be a trifle "woolly" sometimes, but it is at least intelligent. Alas! My Spruce City French is decidedly Ollendorf and will not pass muster. Of course these diplomats use much English which they speak with such accent and intonation, to say nothing of the gutturals, that it is often quite impossible for me to understand all that they say

At this particular breakfast they got upon the subject of a certain Ambassador and his wife, whose Embassy they declared has never had any fixed habitation or name. When this theme was fully launched I had great difficulty in keeping up, for it was all in French and they all talked at once; but I gathered that the Embassy which these two elderly people represent, literally, has had its local habitat only in their trunks. Could anything be more delightfully like opera bouffe than this? I suppose that while this gossip and the laughter it induced were going on I must have looked very helpless and out-of-it-all, for Baron ———, noticing me, tapped on the table and cried out good naturedly

"*Anglais! Anglais! messieurs et mes dames, je vous en prie*

■

They immediately resumed the abandoned English, but lapsed almost at once into French again, for they touched suddenly upon the pro-Boer demonstration which had just been held in one of our theatres, on which occasion some of our United States Senators in loud voices had given vent to their sentiments and had made charges against two English-speaking nations which, to say the least, were most astonishing. These foreigners at this breakfast almost fell over their words, they were so excited and amazed at the extraordinary performance of these public men, and as much as I sympathized in their disgust I could not let them go on in my presence with such open criticism of my countrymen and my Government. So when I got a chance I interrupted smilingly

"But, *messieurs et mes dames*, much as I deplore the bad taste of the demonstration on the part of my countrymen, is it really any worse than when, during [illegible] openly and under the very nose of our Secretary of State, and without being rebuked by your home Governments, gave vent to your sympathy with Spain? Come now, answer me this?"

And I smiled benignly around the table. There was a profound hush and then a general shrugging of shoulders and the conversation promptly took a less thunderous turn. Everybody began to chatter about the sudden departure from Washington of Alain de Courcelles. Many were the conjectures as to why he had gone home so mysteriously. I sat there, alone knowing the why and wherefore of it, and played the hypocrite most successfully by joining my voice to theirs in wonderment over his going. There were some vague allusions to "a lady in the case," but no one of course mentioned Page's name I listened intently to every word that was said concerning M. de Courcelles, and could not help observing that he was spoken of highly, and it was entirely manifest that his family and title were all that had been claimed for them.

■

I had, only a few days before, sent to the State Department for a copy of the record of the status of foreign born wives before the French courts. I did not send until M. de Courcelles was fairly out of the country, for I did not wish to be tempted into betraying my conviction concerning Page, which was, after watching her at the Bachelors' German with him, that if he cared for her, so did she likewise care for him, though her manner all throughout that evening had been gay almost to the point of daring flippancy. The day after that German he had departed after a formal leave-taking of both of us, during which I dared not turn my eyes upon Page lest I should surprise her secret, but when I was compelled to observe her she was as cool and nonchalant as possible and wished him *bon voyage* with all her usual gayety She did not evince a particle of interest in his going. He, too, was calm and collected, and I was unreasonable enough to wish to shake both of them. They were altogether too *fin de siècle* for my taste. Afterward, when he had gone, a curious change came over Page. Her face took on a pinched look and she rattled off a lot of nonsense in a hard, contemptuous voice

She began a witty tirade upon the execrable dancing among the foreigners the night before at the German. She told a funny thing about the Chinese, who, upon first seeing the rest of the world dance were so amazed by the exhibition that they asked naively why we didn't have our servants do it for us. Then she described a South American attaché who had persisted in dancing the two-step every time he could find anybody brave or unwary enough to risk life and limb with him. She asked if I had seen his performance. How he had first spun around with his partner like a teetotum, then had hurled her pell mell into the fray, racing her, whirling her, dancing on her toes, backing her on her train until she was dishevelled and out of breath And Page illustrated the occurrence in my drawing-room so inimitably that we both were in convulsions of laughter over it, but alas! her laughter ended abruptly and it was almost with a sob that she rushed away from me and out of the house, leaving me with a heavy feeling at my heart

■

It was then that I sent immediately for the record and made a study of it. I was lost in amazement at the complications and formalities that surround French marriages when one of the parties is foreign born. How easy it would be for any American girl knowing the simplicity of our customs, where the only necessary things are a license and a clergyman, to step into a marriage with a Frenchman which would be fast and binding on this side of the water but which would be practically null and void on French soil. I felt a very wholesome reverence for our own institutions after reading this record, and felt that it might be a good idea to go forth and preach to the rest of mankind, taking for a text what Emerson has said of our nation: "The whole history of our country appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race

When I laid the record down I was sure that I had the clue to M. de Courcelles' concern in securing his mother's consent. The legal age of marriage without parental consent in France is twenty-five, and I don't believe that Alain de Courcelles is twenty-five! I remembered, too, that he had spoken of having to wait in case of failure to gain consent, and naturally he would never have admitted that he was under age. I felt that I was becoming a second Sherlock Holmes, only in petticoats

Meantime I have been trying to keep my eye upon Congress, and Robert says that if I try to run a love-affair and Congress both at the same time I shall come to an untimely end; but even in that event I should have my consolation, for according to an old saw, "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

■

Over in the Senate there has been a merry war over the distribution of patronage. There are to be changes in the offices of secretary and sergeant at arms, and also many changes among messengers. The importance of this fight may be estimated from the fact that there are forty eight messengers alone who get $1440 each per annum. The fight was led by the junior Senators.

The question of secretary and sergeant at-arms is already settled in favor of Mr. Bennett and Mr Ransdell. Mr Ransdell will succeed Colonel Bright, who is the present sergeant at-arms. It seems that Colonel Bright has been uncommonly popular and has shown remarkable ability in various ways in the discharge of his duties He can keep either the peace or the health of the Senate intact with equal skill and dexterity. He can run down a recalcitrant Senator and bring him to book when his party vote is wanted, or he can minister to a grumpy, moping Senator by doling out from his store of medicines and soothing appliances either a soda mint or a dose of headache powders, as the case may require. Robert says he has seen Colonel Bright

HE TOLD ME IMMEDIATELY OF A FUNNY TILT BETWEEN SENATOR CHANDLER AND SENATOR TILLMAN

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each [illegible] complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments

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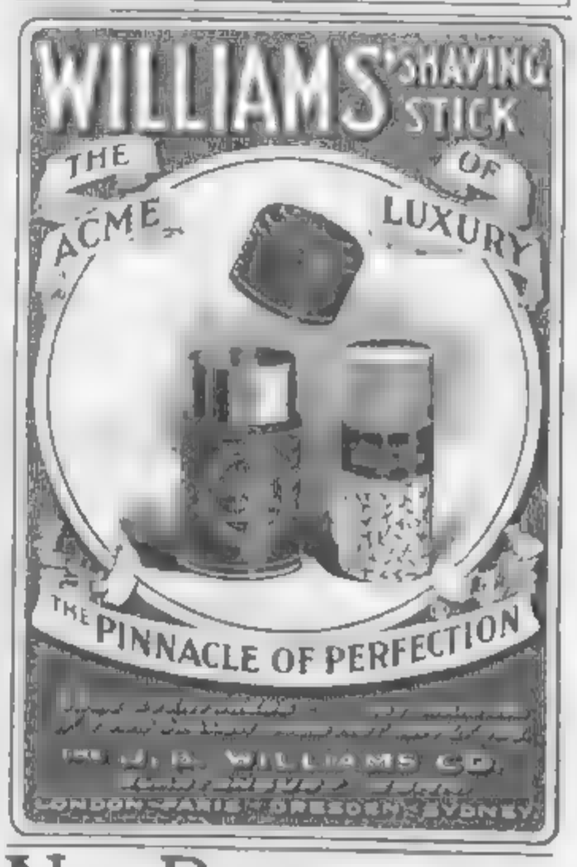
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—TO PLACE MR. WEBSTER WHERE HE WILL HAVE TO BE A PERPETUAL BACKGROUND FOR GENERAL SCOTT

go to his little repository for drugs, and with an expression of wisdom on his face that would do credit to any celebrated practitioner, get out a package of soda-mints and solemnly count them out to some complaining statesman. I asked Robert if a part of the duty of the sergeant-at-arms was to inspect the tongues of the Senators when he prescribed? And why, with all these accomplishments, Colonel Bright should be displaced, for, from my standpoint of domestic management, it would not seem good policy. Robert's reply was what might have been expected:

"It is purely a matter of politics, my dear. Bright is a Democrat, Ransdell is a Republican."

"But can Mr. Ransdell do all the clever things that Colonel Bright can do?" asked I.

"Aye, that he can," laughed Robert.

I noticed, however, that he turned the conversation, for, manlike, he was afraid of an avalanche of comment from me on political methods. He told me immediately of a funny tilt between Senator Chandler and Senator Tillman, who it seems love to cross swords in the Senate. Mr. Chandler has a biting wit, while Mr. Tillman can emit a spark if touched. Mr. Tillman wanted Mr. Chandler to answer a question, "but," he exclaimed, "the gentleman from New Hampshire jumps around so like a grasshopper that I cannot catch him."

As quick as a flash came the retort from Mr. Chandler: "I never heard of using a pitchfork to catch grasshoppers with."

Among other things which happened in the House the Pension Bill was passed, and in connection with its passage I had a delightful surprise. Something in its discussion when it was before the House roused Robert and he arose to speak. It was some minutes before he could catch the Speaker's eye and all the time my heart was thumping loudly. I cannot of course remember all that he said, but one sentence, the closing one, I thought was well done:

"I would ask the gentleman from Kansas, who has just made such an arraignment, one thing which has not been brought out in this discussion, and that is this point: what becomes of the money? In all the workings of this Government there is nothing comparable to the pension payment in direct benefit to the citizens of the country. It is taxed from them as the mist and dews of evening and returned to them in the showers that fall alike upon the just and the unjust. There is no corporation, no business, from the greatest city to the lowliest hamlet, from the largest emporium to the peddler by the wayside, that may not benefit by it."

Robert's voice and manner commanded attention, and in his case it was not, as one disgruntled new member of the House said, that "every man is his own auditor and that is all." Evidently Robert is taking Senator P——'s advice and is going to speak often in the House. I observe that Robert and Senator P—— are becoming great friends, and I predict that at the first executive session our postmaster's case will be called up, put through, and not one word will have been necessary from us.

Senator P—— accompanied Robert and me to the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster the other morning, on which occasion Mr. Lodge made the speech of the day. Everybody seemed in high feather and figuratively threw bouquets at everything American. I cannot help a feeling of thankfulness that the giver of this statue, Mr. Hutchins, and the sculptor of the same, Chevalier Trentanove, did not elect to place the great statesman on a prancing horse. For all over this town, at many of the intersections of the streets, the pedestrian is regaled with uplifted hoofs which paw the heavens, while waving bronze hats and flowing bronze tails refresh the eye.

It was a relief, therefore, that Daniel Webster stands upon his own feet. As we were watching the fall of the flags which enveloped him, some bystander in the crowd remarked that it was cruel to place Mr. Webster where he will have to be a perpetual background for General Scott. And true it is, for the statue of General Scott, planted firmly on a bronze horse, stands about one hundred feet in front of Daniel Webster and to the extent of one hundred feet is that much nearer to the White House, which was his dream, and which he faces at the other end of Sixteenth Street.

Any one recalling the bitter struggle between these two men in 1852 for the Presidency will see at once the pertinence of the criticism of the positions of these two statues. When the nomination in 1852 went to General Scott, Daniel Webster, who had been striving for it for twenty years, exclaimed in the deep bitterness of his spirit: "A nomination not fit to be made," and he advised his friends and followers to vote for Franklin Pierce. The great statesman did not long survive his defeat, and with the closing of that year he laid aside his mantle. I do not think that Mr. Trentanove has apprehended the greatness of Daniel Webster, for he has not embodied in his face that grandeur which was his. He was said to have the deep, rugged lines of his father's face, which, with the additional imprint of his own intellectuality, made it, as Mr. Lodge quotes,

"The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars' to threaten and command."

—"WHAT HAVE THEY DONE WITH THE ROCKERS?"

After the ceremonies were over I drove Robert and Senator P—— back to the Capitol. On our way thither, Senator P—— told us a funny yarn about the statue of Andrew Jackson which we passed in Lafayette Square, and which is mounted on a huge, rampant horse. He said that when Thackeray visited this country, years ago, Senator Sumner was doing the honors of the town, and, having occasion to pass through Lafayette Square with the distinguished novelist, he hurried him past this statue, hoping that he would not notice it; but alas! when they were almost safely past the ungainly object, Mr. Thackeray asked slyly:

"Mr. Sumner, what have they done with the rockers?"

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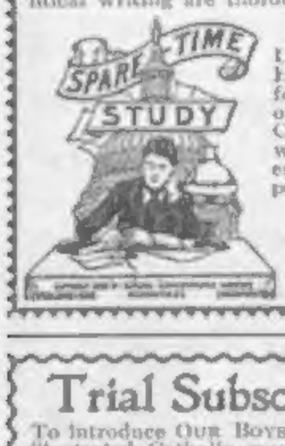

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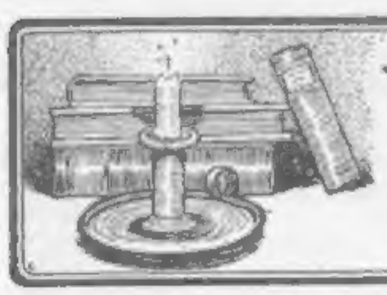

WHAT to READ

Mrs. Spofford's Dismal Tales*

WHY do authors deliberately strive to lessen the gayety of life? Why can they not realize that if they succeed in such a self-imposed task they have committed a crime, and that if they fail—through impotence—they are none the less guilty, inasmuch as they meant to do wrong. A handful of cheerful tales may not enthral the world, but they will brighten some half hours for somebody. A handful of thoroughly dismal tales, like Old Madame, and Other Tragedies, merely adds one shadow more to the murkiness of our mental atmosphere.

What is particularly exasperating in these stories is the haphazard nature of their catastrophies. Only in The Wages of Sin is the wretchedness a logical issue, an inevitable conclusion. When a strong woman gives up everything in the world—virtue and honor included—out of pity for a feeble and fibreless man, she need not hope to lay the foundations of happiness either for herself or for her lover. The very weakness she strives to shield is her undoing. But in the other sketches we cannot help feeling that the characters might have been happy enough if their author had been less determined to make them miserable. Madame's misfortunes are piled on her with a heavy hand. Ordronnaux spends long and laborious months in winning the affections of a cold-hearted wife; and, at the supreme moment of success, he steps out on a balcony, and an icicle falls from a parapet and kills him. Leonard and Helena, in A Lost Identity, are most satisfactorily married, when Helena is knocked on the head, washed out to sea, picked up mad, kept ten years in a French asylum, and sent home at last to find—naturally enough—another wife in her place. It seems a good deal to happen to one poor woman, and it doesn't make jocund reading.

As for Her Story, we wish that—even in a madhouse—she had forborne to tell it. The amorous golden-locked clergyman with his "proud lip," and "ivory forehead," and "fire burning in his hazel eye," is not a pleasant picture, especially when an adoring wife and a seductive cousin dispute for his affections. That the cousin should triumph is inevitable. She is not only wondrously beautiful, and can stand on her own hair, but she is a past mistress in the art of pious flirtation, and beguiles her victim to chatter about albs and chasubles and church architecture. So the wife, in her impotent jealousy, goes mad, and the siren has a stone fall on her head and goes mad, too, and what becomes of the clergyman we neither know nor care. It is enough for us that such tales do not stand for the cheerful thing called life.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

The Opportunity for American Writers

THE most successful books of the past year or two have been by American writers. Whatever the final critical estimate may be, and that is a question which does not enter into this article, the fact remains that readers have demanded some 425,000 copies of David Harum, some 300,000 of Richard Carvel, over 200,000 of Janice Meredith, and probably about 200,000 of When Knighthood was in Flower and the Dooley books.

Furthermore, of the 5321 books reported by the Publishers' Weekly for 1899, there were 3626 by American authors against 2908 in 1898. Of books by foreign authors, 571 were manufactured here against 834 in 1898, while the number of books or sheets imported was nearly the same in each year. The general figures, as well as those for special books, show the gain of the American author. Fifteen years ago, two of our publishers testified that in view of the number of cheap foreign reprints it was unprofitable for them to bring out American fiction. Even since the passage of the Platt-Simonds Copyright Act in 1891 we have heard it said that foreign authors would literally smother American writers. And now we find that a far larger number of our people are reading books by American authors, even authors in some cases previously unknown, than the new books of Kipling, or those by Hope or Doyle or Mrs. Ward.

This is merely a statement of facts, untinged by chauvinism or vainglory. It is a statement which needs to be emphasized because its significance has not been fully appreciated, and also on account of our long period of literary dependence, which, according to some of our English friends, continues and will continue. With such self-satisfied confidence, as with the English belief in the invincibility of their soldiers, it is quite unnecessary to argue. Facts speak for themselves. The sales of American books have controverted one tradition, and the Boer rifles have shattered another. In letters, however, there is no hostility. Our literary indebtedness to modern English historians, poets, critics, novelists will continue, but it is becoming very different from the subservience of the past. It is one thing to welcome Kipling's best verse as an addition to our great English heritage, and it is quite another to look to England for every new novel—to expect that the new book, whatever it be, must have the English stamp.

Another but closely related phase of the situation presented to American literary workers is due to the war between England and the Boers. Its effects upon all business in England are benumbing, and the English publishers are sharing the general depression to the full. All reports agree that English authors are producing little and English publishers are issuing no books that can possibly be postponed. The supply of English books, serials, magazine articles and short stories must fall far below the usual average for some time to come. Obviously this will apply with especial force to books. Our own public continues to demand new books, and the opportunity for American authors, especially the novelists, is apparent. If this seems a brutal deduction, let it be remembered that the same reasoning is applied in commercial life, and the sale of books is simply one branch of commerce. One may infinitely prefer peace at personal cost to profit due indirectly to a hideous war, but the facts must be accepted as they present themselves. These facts are far from warranting an inference that the untrained scribbler, the writer who has nothing to say, the writer who has never learned how to write, can expect to garner rich returns. But for the American writer who has learned his craft, for him who has something real to say, there is now an unequaled opportunity.

—*Ripley Hitchcock.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

MR. EDWIN EMERSON, Jr., who won, perhaps, the unique distinction among war correspondents of reporting the Spanish-American War at his own initiative and at his own cost, has it that his constant companion was the late Samuel Pepys, deceased. Mr. Pepys, who has not lost his trick of confiding his thoughts to paper, has requested Mr. Emerson to transcribe his impression in legible, material print. This he has done in Pepys' Ghost: His Wanderings in Greater Gotham and His Adventures in the Spanish War. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

It is some years since Mr. James Jeffrey Roche caught the public ear with the keen wit of his poem, the V-a-s-e. The work of more recent years, headed by the verses which give the title, he has gathered in a small volume called the V-a-s-e, and Other Bric-à-Brac. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

Benjamin and Charlotte Martin have mortised the scattered Stones of Paris in History and Letters into an intelligible structure. The past is reconstructed; we meet and fall in with the influences that shaped Corneille, Racine, Molière, Bossuet and La Rochefoucauld, and that brought about the later reaction of Hugo and the romanticists of the thirties. Illustrations by Messrs. Fulleylove and Delafontaine, and the anonymous contributions of the camera are a great aid. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

*Old Madame, and Other Tragedies. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

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FOR next week will contain the first of a series of papers on the American Soldier by

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Memories of Moody

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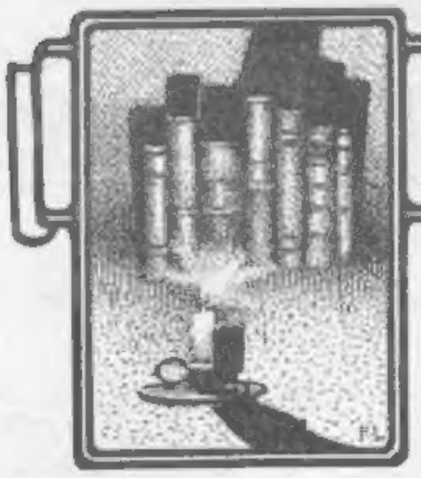

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

MR. HERVEY WHITE, author of Differences, a book which has been receiving more attention than is usually given to a new novel by a new author, has been variously described by the critics as an amateur philanthropist, a gentleman tramp, and as one of Walt Whitman's "powerful, uneducated persons." Mr. White, however, is none of these persons, nor is he, as two reviewers have supposed, a woman and a graduate of Wellesley College. He is a man and a graduate of Harvard in the class of '94. His novel is characteristic of the author. Perhaps its deepest note is that of the Middle West of to-day, where hard-working people are wresting a living from close contact with "things as they are." The style of the book, slow, quiet and almost solemn, is what one might naturally expect from the farm-raised man and the worker in the city slums, both of which the author is.

Mr. White was born in 1867 in Iowa. His father was a struggling farmer. The boy was taught up to the age of twelve in a country school. After that he moved to Kansas and made his home with his brother. Here he was the housekeeper, but his rule was as despotic as that of the better-paid cook of the more advanced East. Here it was that he acquired the experience which makes his John Wade so strong a character study. When he was sixteen, Mr. White had saved money enough to prepare for college. He began in Kansas and worked his way through academy and college and eventually through Harvard University. His first book was written while he was a Harvard undergraduate, during a trip to Mexico as collector of a scientific exhibition.

After he was graduated, Mr. White tramped on foot over Italy, and upon his return to this country settled in Chicago, where he made more than a local fame as reference librarian of the John Crerar Scientific Library. He has also taken up University Settlement work with his books and writing, and this fact led a few persons to try to connect some of the Chicago settlement residents with characters in his novel. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson has been said to be the original of Mr. White's Hester Carr. This, however, has been authoritatively denied by both the author and the poet. Other and equally improbable liberties have been taken with other friends of the novelist.

Last fall Mr. White resigned his post in the library and, after a long tramp among the Colorado Mountains, has settled down in Denver, where he is working on another novel.

THE HARD-LUCK DAYS OF FRANK BULLEN

Frank T. Bullen, author of The Cruise of the Cachalot, and other sea tales, is very proud of the struggles he went through to round out his life as an author. To an American politician, who was one of a number of clubmen to meet him, Mr. Bullen expressed himself as being partial to all self-made men.

"I was an office boy once," said the American with some pride, "and to this day I have a sneaking fondness for every office boy I meet or hire.

"I was a street gamin for a while in London," spoke up Mr. Bullen, "and I always study that type of humanity when I have the chance. It happened after I had been sent home from Havana, the vessel I had shipped on having been wrecked. I tried to get a job and failed, and so I had to work my way from Liverpool to London on almost nothing. When I got to London I scraped along on the few pennies which boys get for opening carriage doors and doing other services to pedestrians and the rich who drive to the theatres and the shops. I got down finally to my last penny, and one day I took a handful of periwinkles from an old man in the fishmarket. I had been running errands and doing things for him for some time and he hadn't appreciated them, and I didn't think it was wrong to take some of his fish. I ran as fast as I could with my booty, and after I was safely hidden behind a big hogshead I unclasped my hand and opened my mouth preparatory to making a good meal. To my disgust the things were alive. The next day I was hungrier, but more determined to live without eating periwinkles."

JOHN MACKIE'S INDIAN CRITIC

John Mackie, author of The Devil's Playground and The Heart of the Prairie, twelve years ago was a member of the mounted police force in Northwestern Canada. He is a masterful-looking horseman, and struck terror into the hearts of many a smuggler and delinquent Redman. For his fearlessness he was often put in charge of detachments in the most dangerous parts of the frontier. Besides his love of warfare he has leanings almost as strong both for sport and music.

A brother soldier says that once, when on a lonely trip, he carried with him a big mouth harmonica which he was accustomed to play. Late in the afternoon he reached an Indian camp where a feast was in progress. He joined the Indians in their meal, and when the banquet was over and the dancing began, he drew the harmonica from his pocket and started some lively airs.

The Indians stood still in amazement for a moment and then yielded to the influence of the strains. Mackie walked around the fire, which was the centre of the dancer's ring, playing at the top of his lungs and stopping now and then to roar out shouts of encouragement. At the end of an hour nearly every warrior was tired, as was the musician. He then joined the older men of the tribe who sat smoking some yards away.

One of them, the chief, stolidly removed the mouthpiece of his pipe from his lips and said:

"White Brother, if you could only fight as well as you play music you would make a good soldier, wouldn't you?"

MRS. HARBY'S CAUSTIC RETORT

Mrs. Lee C. Harby's Texas stories give no idea of their author's individuality. She is tall, fair-haired, hazel-eyed, and has that melodious Southern drawl which is enchanting to all who haven't it. Mrs. Harby's ideas upon the vexed woman question are what may be called diplomatic. She admires intellectuality in her own sex, yet she does not take so pleasantly to the political woman; but she never offends any of her feminine acquaintances, no matter what their type.

After a club meeting in New York, however, she gave a gentle hint as to what she did not like in some women's daughters.

A very bumptious matron from another city opened conversation with the author and said: "By the by, Mrs. Harby, I am thinking of sending my daughter to Europe. She wants to go alone and I want her to, for I wish her to know the world. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Perhaps it is," replied Mrs. Harby, "but aren't you a bit afraid of the world knowing her?"

WHERE THE TAX-COLLECTOR NEVER SLEEPS

Mrs. M. D. Hetherington, who is one of the few women writers on the South African peoples and their customs, has a lively sense of humor which makes her conversation sparkle. She once attended a peace meeting held in England which was rather pro-Boer in character. She sat through the proceedings and listened with rapt attention to all the arguments.

After the proceedings were over a member of Parliament who was present said to her: "I am so glad to meet you, and I wish you would give me your opinion of this Boer question. You probably have been much impressed with the energy and individuality which the people of the Transvaal possess."

"Yes," replied the author, "the first quality is one which no resident of their country can ever forget. I believe the Transvaal is a commonwealth where the tax-collector has incessant and incurable insomnia."

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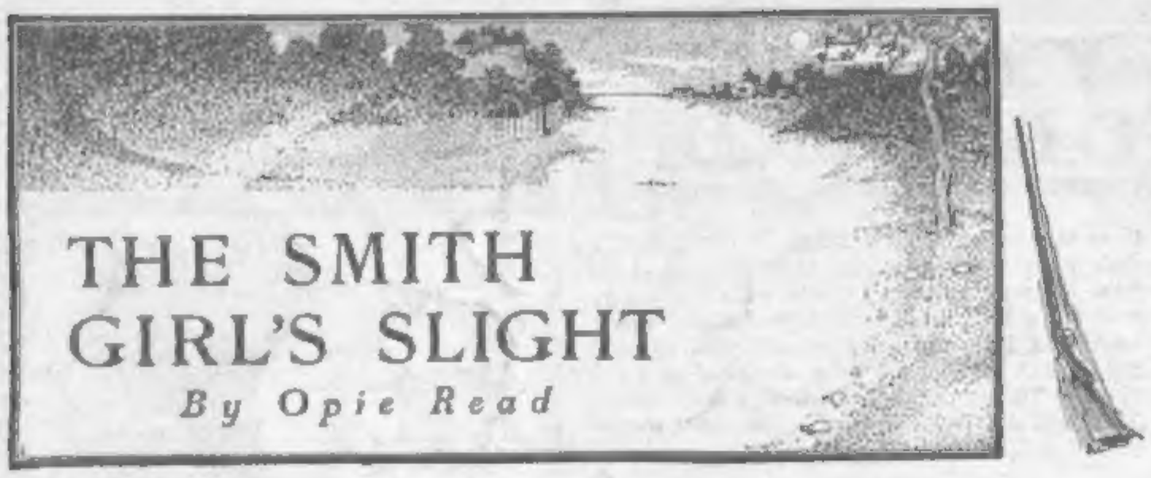

THE SMITH GIRL'S SLIGHT

By Opie Read

JEFF SLOGAN and old man Matterson sat at the kitchen table long after the remains of supper were cleared away. It was a night of reminiscence with the old man, and over his crabapple cider he told of the bears and wolves he had slain in the days when Tennessee was young. "My old granddad left me his rifle," said he, glancing toward a corner of the room, "and many a time I've been advised to have a percussion-lock put on it, but a flintlock was good enough for him and it's got to be good enough for me. Of course you've seen the gun, but I'll show it to you again."

"It's a beauty," said Jeff.

"Well, yes, unless you can find a better word. And let me tell you something, but you mustn't say anything about it. Granddad was beginning to get pretty old and little things had begun to bother him. One of his daughters married a no-account stage-driver, and his half-witted son cut a fellow all to pieces at a sawmill. So he fretted a good deal. Well, one night he was coming home from a muster, and a man named Bridge Peters with him. All at once granddad stops in the road and says to Bridge: 'If I only knowed which one of them stars up thar was my unlucky star, I'd shoot it out.' Bridge asked if he thought his gun would tote that far, and the old man hooted like an owl. 'Don't you worry about that,' said he. 'Just pick out the star you think is the cause of my bad luck and out she goes.'

"Bridge was a sort of reckless fellow, so he looks up, he does, and says: 'There she is, that star off there about fifteen feet from the moon.' The old man didn't hesitate a minute. He raised his gun—this here old one right here—and she cracked like a whip—and what do you think happened? Out went the star like snuffin' a tallow candle. Bridge he took to his heels, and it was enough to scare any man, but granddad didn't run. He walked off slow to show the other stars that he wasn't afraid, but he begins to git sick at his stomach, and by the time he got home he could hardly hold up his head. And, sir, he lay for four weeks, and then died.

Jeff looked hard at the old man and said: "I don't believe a word of it."

"How do you account for it?"

"I account for it by not believing it; that's how." Jeff was in a sorrowful mood that night, and was not prepared to believe even the most apparent truth.

"What are you thinkin' about, Jeff?"

"Liza Smith and her party."

"Sorter in the dumps because she didn't ask you?"

"Well, I don't like it."

"Why don't you kill her dog?"

"What good would that do?"

"Why, don't you know that the best way to git even with a high-headed woman is to kill her dog? It is—there's a sort of a charm about it, and if you kill a woman's dog and she don't find out who does it, she'll fall in love with you. It's a fact; she'll drap right down into pure love. Say, that Smith girl has a dog that she thinks the world of. Why don't you kill him as you go by there to-night on your way home?"

"I'm half a mind to. Got a pistol?"

"No, but you can take granddad's gun."

"Is she loaded?"

"With a double charge of powder and a slug an inch long."

"I'm half inclined to do it."

"I'll bet the gal draps down into the purest sort of love. I jest want to see it; there ain't nothin' puttier to me than a fust-rate article of love."

Only when he was out in the road did Jeff realize that he carried the old gun upon his shoulder. He halted and, bare of head, sat upon a rock to let the cool air fan him. From over the hilltop came the bark of the Smith girl's dog. Jeff got up and strode along until he came within sight of Smith's house. He could hear the merrymaking of the Smith girl and her guests. Through a window he saw the company dancing; and the Smith girl danced with a fellow named Ab Squat. Jeff hated Squat. He was cross-eyed and low of brow. He thought that he saw her smile at Squat and he gripped his gun. But there was no murder in his heart. He aspired only to assassinate a dog. Jeff saw him coming down the hill.

The dog came at a gallop, cut a caper of delight, and before Jeff could fire, had licked his hand. Then there came a gulp of remorse. He put down his gun, stroked the dog and hugged him in his loneliness. "I wouldn't hurt you, old fellow," he said. "They thrust you into the darkness, and they don't invite me out of it, and so we are brothers. Hello! there is the moon, brim full, just above the trees." The dog whined. "Just as well shoot at it as to bark at it, old fellow," he said. He took sight and touched the trigger. Off went the gun. And then Jeff's heart flew to his mouth. The moon exploded, and the sky was full of fiery snakes. The dog howled. Jeff dropped the gun and, over logs and through bushes, tore home.

When Jeff reached home the world was dark save the pale stars slowly weeping out their light. He went to his room and, sitting at the window, strove to reason with himself. But it was of no use to reason. He had seen the moon fly to pieces and fill the air with snakes. "There's no use in talking, I've done it," he moaned. "The moon is gone. No use trying to reason—gone. And here I am sick at the stomach, and will keep on getting sicker till I die. People can't plant their potato crops in the dark of the moon, because there won't be any. And when I die the moon will come back, and all the people will be glad."

He went to bed and tossed for a long time; he slept finally, but what a sleep! Old women came and begged him to give them back the moon. They couldn't make soap without it. Maidens came and on their knees implored him. There was to be no more love-making. Poets flocked from afar to revile him; and the ocean stood dead, with no tide. When he awoke the sun was shining. And he smiled, believing that it was all a dream, but just then he heard his father talking in an adjoining room. "Yes, they were having a good time over at Smith's, but somebody shot out the moon, and——"

Jeff fell back, sick almost unto death. They called him to breakfast, but he moaned that he was sick, and they let him lie there. He was gagging when his father came into the room.

"What's the matter with you, Jeff?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What time did you get home?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Seem to be sorter short on knowin', don't you? Were you at Smith's when the moon was shot out? What's the matter with you? Why, you've got the ague. Well, sir, it was a funny thing. You know that Smith doesn't like for his company to stay late, so he told the boys that they might remain till the moon went down. Well, an ingenious fellow hit upon a plan. He got hold of a cheese box, put a kerosene lamp in it, pasted a piece of greased paper over it and, just as the moon was goin' down behind the hill, hung the box high up in a tree. The old man can't see very well, and it fooled him completely till some fellow came along and shot—what's the matter with you? What are you sayin'? Goin' to git up, are you? What makes you cut them capers? Folks say you look like me, but I never seed the day that I had as little sense as you've got."

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